This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

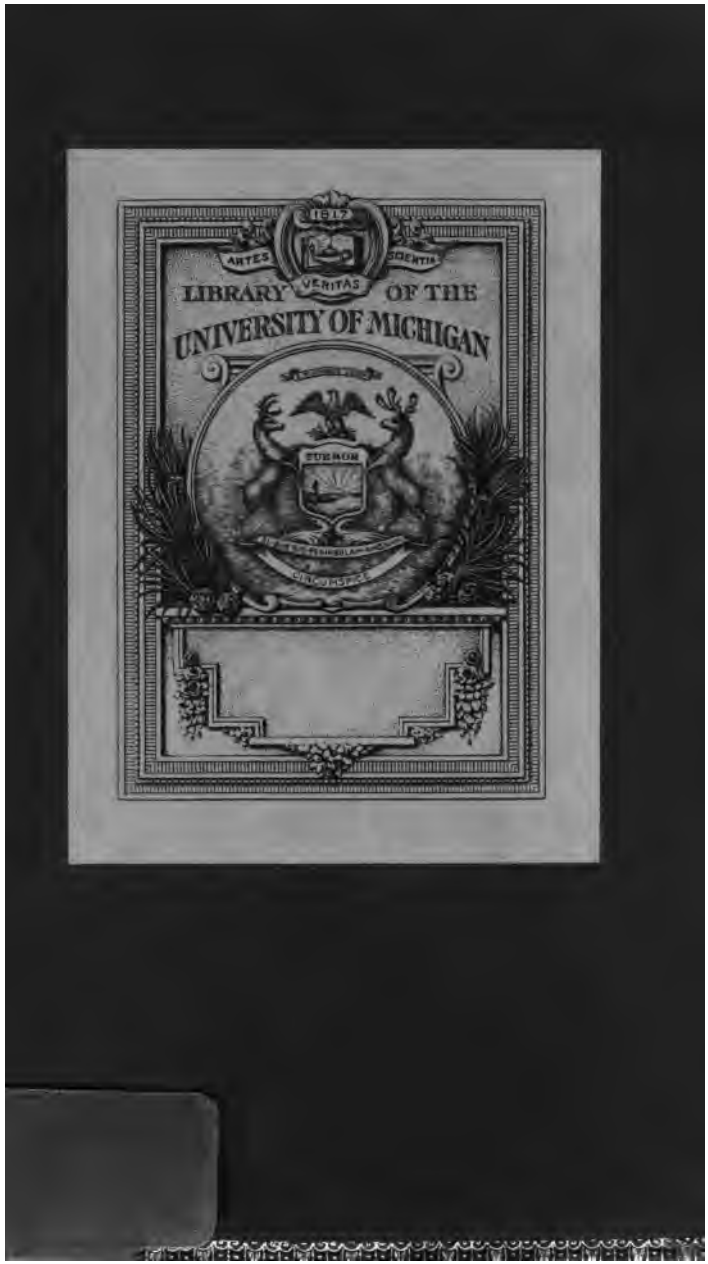
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1817
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR

828
M82
1823

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

PARIS : PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COMPREHENDING

ALL HIS MELODIES, BALLADS, ETC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE ACCOMPANYING MUSIC.

VOL. III.

PARIS:

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,

AT THE FRENCH, ENGLISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND SPANISH LIBRARY,

N°. 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1823.

Libr.
Suckling
7-29-36
32548

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS; OR, THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

Page

Dedication iii
Preface v
Preface to the Fourteenth Edition, by a Friend of the Author ix

LETTER I.

From the Pr—nc—ss Ch——e of W——s to the Lady B—rb—a A—shl—y 15

LETTER II.

From Colonel M'M—h—n to G——ld Fr—nc—s L—ckie, Esq. 19

LETTER III.

From G. R. to the E—— of Y—— 24

LETTER IV.

From the Right Hon. P—tr—ck D—g—n—n to the Right Hon Sir John N—ch—l 27

LETTER V.

From the Countess Dowager of C—— to Lady —— 32

LETTER VI.

From Abdallah, in London, to Mohassan, in Ispahan . 35

LETTER VII.

From Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co, to —— ——, Esq. 41

LETTER VIII. *Page*

From Colonel Th—m—s to ——— ———, Esq. . . 44

APPENDIX 53

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Preface lxix

LETTER I.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy ———, of Clonskilty, in Ireland 73

LETTER II.

From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to the Lord Viscount C——h . 79

LETTER III.

From Mr. Bob Fudge to Richard ———, Esq. . . 87

LETTER IV.

From Phelim Connor to ——— 93

LETTER V.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy ———. . . 99

LETTER VI.

From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to his brother Tim. Fudge, Esq. Barrister at Law 108

LETTER VII.

From Phelim Connor to ——— 120

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. Bob Fudge to Richard ———, Esq. . . 128

LETTER IX.

From Phil. Fudge, Esq. to the Lord Viscount C——h . 137

LETTER X.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy ——— . . 153

LETTER XI.

Page

From Phelim Connor to ——— 161

LETTER XII.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy ——— . . 164

NOTES 177

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

Preface clxxxv

THE MEMORIAL 207

Appendix No. I. 233

Appendix No. II. 244

Appendix No. III. 255

Appendix No. IV. 262

Appendix No. V. 273

INTERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR,

THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

Elapsæ manibus cecidêre tabellæ.

OVID.

DEDICATION.

To ST——N W——LR——E, Esq.

My dear W——e,

It is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality,* leaving it,

* Ariosto, canto 35.

of course, to the said Swans to determine whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear W——E, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*, and, however trifling the tribute which I offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and

attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

245, PICCADILLY,
March 4, 1813.

PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S—pp—ss—n of V—e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,"* those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon

* Herrick.

examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—TCH—D's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals. As, in the battles of ancient

times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a book is so very different a thing from a newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*,—

so that, in general, the very reverse of " l
datur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, a
I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of th
few Letters should have the effect of sending
to the Post-Bag for more.

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through ————, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur,

μονα και μονον*) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness, with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. There is not one syllable of truth in this story. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly; but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must

* Pindar, Pyth. 2.—My friend certainly cannot add ουτ' εν ανδρασι γεραφορον.

also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which, I am aware, is decisive of his utter reprobation in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, DONATUS,* who held "that God is in Africa, *and not elsewhere.*" But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. BROWN is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they who say so are totally mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects; all I know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ———, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are a few more mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. BROWN, to which I had intended, with

* Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, in the fourth century.

all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is altogether as useless as it is tiresome. Calumnies and misrepresentations of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over: they are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity is in want of them, and are as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riot, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish the Publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend.*

* The TRIFLES here alluded to, and others, which have since appeared, will be found in Volume V. of this edition.—*Publisher.*

The rest of the volume remains * in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

* A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eld—n, page 73. In the line "Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas," it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read "*Surtees*" instead of "Syrteis," which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble Translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet "æstuosas." I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS,

ETC.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS, CH———E OF W———S TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—SHL—Y. *

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

Lord Eld—n first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his King—that a Popish young Lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear,)

* This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks!

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As in no case whate'er to advise him *too right*—
"Pretty doings are here, Sir (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise),
"'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
"To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod—
"Excuse, Sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source—
"Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
"But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies*, still worse!"

Quick a Council is call'd—the whole Cabinet sits—
The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor, and he, the devout man of Leather,
V—NS—TT—T, now laying their Saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

Lord H—RR—BY, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

"If the PR—NC—SS *will* keep them (says Lord C—STL—R—GH),
"To make them quite harmless the only true way
"Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
"To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
"If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
"This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes
"The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their noses—
"A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
"Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;

"Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomenes checks,
(Adds his Lordship humanely) "or else breaks thei necks!"

This proposal received pretty general applause
From the statesmen around—and the neck-breaking clause
Had a vigour about it, which soon reconciled
Even ELD—N himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.,
And my Lord C—STL—R—GH, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the QU—N's best repeater.

C———E.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book. *
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can be well understood
In this said Book, is vastly good;
And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

* See the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.

But, to your work's immortal credit,—
The P——E, good Sir,—the P——E has read it.
(The only book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. CLARKE's).
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announced by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——E in Christendom!

He thinks, with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They even must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we are coming near a
Better and more royal era;
When England's monarch need but say
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—STL—R—GH!"

Or—"hang me up those Papists, ELD—N,"
And 'twill be done—ay, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A Plan of radical Reform;
Compiled and chosen, as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—RTWR—GHT;
Else, though the P——E be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging,—
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it, also, speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!

And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
He scared the CH—NC—LL—R just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "MUFTI!"

The tailors, too, have got commands
To put directly into hands
All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches
(While Y—RM—TH's sketching out a plan
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*),
And all things fitting and expedient
To *Turkify* our gracious R—G—NT!

You therefore have no time to waste—
So, send your system.—

Your's, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.

For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand; *
Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And Grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions—
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them!

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—"A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles."—And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," etc. etc.—See *Tales of the East*, vol. iii. pp. 607, 608.

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E—— OF Y——.*

We miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His pâtés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E———GH,
Who *set-to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-cook, of course!—
"While you live—(what's there under that cover? pray, look)—
"While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a She-cook.
"'Tis a sound Salic law—(a small bit of that toast)—
"Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
"For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
"Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M—— of H—d—t.

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
A compliment too to his Lordship the J—e
For his speech to the J—y,—and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way,—
And we cared not for Juries or Libels—no—dam'me! nor
Even for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom T—RRH—T
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"—
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
"I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if you *try* it!"

And C—MD—N was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;

And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devised!—
Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, "a calf's head surprised!"
The *brains* were near ——; and *once* they'd been fine,
But of late they had lain so long soaking in wine
That, however we still might in courtesy call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H—D—T with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—B'R—H chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've any time honour'd by kissing their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—D—T gave M——Y, and *I* gave ——.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J——E
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—c has a sly dose of jalup preparing
For poor T—MMY T—RR—T at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—MMY, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

*Dublin.**

Last week, dear N—CH—L, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near
(The time for doing business here),
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
"These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em!

* This letter, which contained some very heavy inclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix.

" Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
" With all the dirt even *you* can pick up—
" But, as the P——E— (here's to him—fill—
" Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still
" To humbug them with kind professions,
" And as you deal in *strong* expressions—
" '*Rogue*'—'*traitor*'—hiccup—and all that—
" You must be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT!—
" You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."

Yes—" muzzled" was the word, SIR JOHN—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore!—*
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again!—
The silent victim still to sit
Of GR—TT—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,

* In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again!

To hear even noisy M—TH—W gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!

Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, SIR JOHN—
Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
Like me, too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should PATRICK* his Port-folio send?
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-folio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
Of Doctrines now believed by no man—

* This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse.—As Prudentius says, upon a very different subject—

torquetur Apollo
Nomine percussus.

Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,
Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning);
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long proved perhaps)
That, mad as Christians used to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—CH—L!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old GR—TT—N's jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration.—*
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—†
i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em).
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptising,
Which proves them all, O'Finns, O'Fagans,
Connors, and Tooles, all downright Pagans!
This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
No—No—the man baptised with spittle
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

* * *

* ——— lustralibus antè salivis
Expiat. Pers. Sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis *manasse*."

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C——— TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady ——! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—
(By the bye, you've seen Rokeby?—this moment got mine—
The Mail-Coach Edition*—prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend, last night,
Escort to their chair, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!
Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!*)

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

But, my dear Lady ——— ! can't you hit on some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion?
As to having the R—G—NT—*that* show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in doorw-ays;
Which—considering, you know, dear, the *size* of the two—
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through,
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,
That NAPOLEON's old Mother's to marry the POPE,—
What a comical pair!)—But, to stick to my Rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arrived?
No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wived?
No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently black—

A few Patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or, whether Lord G—RGE (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——N's or Lord L—V—RP—L's!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHITSTOPS-CHINZOUDHOFF
Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—
So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better:
And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
Little GUNTER has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster?*
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,† IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, MOHASSAN (happy thou!),
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

† I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P——E and Mr. L—CK—E in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters.—How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter
(They're Christians, and they know no better) *
In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right!

* "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

You know our SUNNITES,* hateful dogs!
Whom every pious SHIITE flogs
Or longs to flog†—'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places!§
'Tis true, they worship ALI's name—**
Their Heaven and *ours* are just the same—
(A Persian's Heaven is easily made,
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade).
Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,

* *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided: and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

† "Les Sunnites, qui étaient comme les catholiques de Musulmanisme."—D'HERBELOT.

§ "In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs," etc. etc.—FORSTER's *Voyage*.

** "Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement; au contraire ils le reconnaissent," etc. etc.—CHARDIN.

By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers!*
Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes—they comb their chins,†
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a-day
(According to a Form that's set),
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

* "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination."—MARITI.

† For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy promps them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we nat'rally expect,
Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as given to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I inclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,
That hour, the happiest and the last?—

Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather heart to heart,
United live and die—
Like those sweet birds that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye! *

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—"A sort of bird that is said to have but one wing, on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.

TO ———— ————, ESQ.*

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it through—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, Sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—TZG—R—D's can sink it!
However, Sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your men.

* From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix.

Since the Chevalier C—RR took to marrying lately,
The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your Quarto of Travels clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or—supposing you have nothing *original* in you—
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of ALB—N—A!*
(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review!*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. SC—TT, you must k
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*†),

* This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between ALB—N—A, Countess of B—CK—GH—MS—E, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

† Paternoster Row.

Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with ROKEBY (the job's sure to pay)
Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few Villas before SC—TT approaches—
Indeed if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least WOBURN-ABBEY.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training*, next week—
At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Your's, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ———
———, ESQ.

COME to our Fête,* and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes that last survey'd it,
When B——L's self inquired "who made it?"—
When Cits came wond'ring from the East,
And thought thee Poet PYE, *at least!*

Oh! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips even thy whisker-tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay!

* This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
(That lace, like H—RRY AL—X—ND—R,
Too precious to be wash'd)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—G—T's self alone!
Who, by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from ROMEO C—TES, Esquire—
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of Actors! * best of R—G—TS!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!

* Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, etc.—*Horat.*

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Let them say what they will, that's the man for *my* money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.

Illum——————————
————non equus impiger
Curru ducet *Achaico*.

Both gay Lotharios—both good dressers—
Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cocks'-combs, wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time, too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away.*
The Ball-room opens—far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet
That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way!—
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!

* To those who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

So passeth life—(thus Sc—TT would write,
And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone! *

But, hang this long digressive flight!
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P——E neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no ST——G! no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so;"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French vermillion,
Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion;
And still comest off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a Waltz!
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by Fate—

* Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to the Colonel (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel), ῥαον μωμεισθαι η μιμεισθαι.

While *some* chef-d'œuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact, will be
The former Fête's *fac-simile;* *
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;
And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a State-Room as a present!—
The same *fauteuils* and girondoles—
The same gold Asses, † pretty souls!

* "C—rl—t—n H——e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies," etc. etc.—*Morning Post.*

† The salt-cellars on the P——E's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!
The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!—
So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days),
Some sprats have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,
Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—NS—TT—T told
The R—G—T) are as good as *Gold!*

So, pr'ythee, come—our Fête will be
But half a Fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.

APPENDIX

TO

THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. *Page* 27.

AMONG the papers inclosed in Dr. D—G—N—N's Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from POPE JOAN to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal), soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time when they were in Athens—when

"By Ilissus' stream
"We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
"The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;
"Ah! then how little did we think or hope,
"Dearest of men! that I should e'er be POPE! *
"That I—the humble Joan—whose house-wife art
"Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart
"(And those, alas! at sixes and at sevens),
'Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens!'

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befal them—that she

"Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum
"And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—
"Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
"That name should ever have been fix'd upon!"

* Spanheim attributes the unanimity with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—"Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hâc quanquam!"

She then very pathetically laments the downfal of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures, to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

"But oh! more dear, more precious ten times over—
"Farewel, my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
"I made *thee* Cardinal—thou madest *me*—ah!
"Thou madest the Papa* of the World—Mamma!"

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject:

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis!)
Emancipatus FŒMINÆ
Fert vallum!—

* This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh Century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa, or Universal Father.

LETTER VII. *Page* 41.

THE Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "THE BOOK,"* of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co.—This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner:—*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber † in C—r—lt—n House—

* There was a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that day—Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis.)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "*à* tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

† The Chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs de lys*.

Enter the P——E R—G—T solus.—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims:

Away—Away—
Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book!
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damned *ink* in ELD—N's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—RTF—D's Spouse—
V—NS—TT—T's head recals thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—D—R's face!
While, turning here [*laying his hand on his heart*] I find,
ah wretched elf!
Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.
[*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*]
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!
Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!
Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words—"*Wife neglected*"—"*the*

Book"—"Wrong Measures"—"the Queen"—"Mr. Lambert"—"the R—G—T."

Ha! treason in my House!—Curst words, that wither
My princely soul [*shaking the papers violently*], what
Demon brought you hither?
"My Wife!"—"the Book," too!—stay—a nearer
look—
[*Holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*]
Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, BOOK—
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are dispatched, in different directions, for the L—RD CH—NC—LL—R, the D—E of C—B—L—D, etc. etc.—The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—NC—LL—R with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to

maintain the becoming splendour of his office."*
The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments,
upon which the CH—NC—LL—R breaks out into
exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and re-
lates the following portentous dream:

'Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P——E!—
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
"Worship my whiskers!"—[*weeps*] not a knee was there
But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair
That curl'd in conscious majesty! [*pulls out his handkerchief*]—while cries
Of "Whiskers! whiskers!" shook the echoing skies!—
Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
With looks of injured pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden clinging to her side,
As if she feared some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!

* "To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour." *A loud laugh.*)

Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.

The Matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung—[*wipes his eyes*]—collected in her veil—
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier,* form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose.
[*Weeps.*]
Heavens, how it blazed!—I'd ask no livelier fire
[*with animation*] To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—
But ah! the Evidence—[*weeps again*] I mourn'd to see—
Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled like an old maid's tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier,* faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
When, lo, ye Gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
Now singes *one,* now lights the *other* whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
Throne, Whiskers, Wig, soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "past One," and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—G—T (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the dream), by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held—all the Servants, etc. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—G—T for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing), was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to Prison:

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;

Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of Spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few loved-ones Heaven has placed it near,
Nor cease, till all Mankind are in its sphere!—
The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, etc. that lie about—They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings

the following Stanzas, to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straighten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P——E (and a fig for his railers),
The Shop-board's delight! the Mæcenas of Tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
But His short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat;
Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul,
While our R—G—T's finds room in a laced button-hole!
Derry down, etc.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those who go loose—
Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best-fitted P—E about town!
Derry down, etc.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the

effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm which he is made to betray is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives, is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——N upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta position:

Honour'd Colonel—my WIFE, who's the QUEEN of al
slatterns,
NEGLECTED to put up THE BOOK of new Patterns.
She sent the WRONG MEASURES too—shamefully wrong-
They're the same used for poor Mr. LAMBERT, whe
young;

But, bless you ! they wouldn't go half round the
R—G—T,—
So, hope you'll excuse your's till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—G—T resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates, as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

THE

FUDGE FAMILY

IN PARIS.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.

CASTIGLIONE.

PREFACE.

In what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. Fudge's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C———gh, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, Thomas Reynolds, Esq. he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—dm—th, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. Fudge, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages;—but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord S—dm—th, and the Greenland-bound ships,

the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit Mr. Bob Fudge's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day, with the Dinner, Opera, etc. etc. —but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. King wrote a treatise to prove that Bentley "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag —such as it is—having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I under-

stand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author (he will excuse the pun)

Εγω δ' Ὁ ΜΩΡΟΣ αρας
Εδησαμην μιτωπω.

I can only add, that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propriâ personâ*, that I am—his, or her,

very obedient
and very humble servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

THE

FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——,
OF CLONSKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

Dear Doll, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,
The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line—only think!—
A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,
How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?
I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;
And, *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might *just* as well be at Clonskilty with you!

In vain, at DESSEIN's, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The Monk!"
In vain did I think of his charming dead Ass,
And remember the crust and the wallet—alas!
No monks can be had now for love or for money
(All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONEY);
And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch
Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
At the sight of that spot, where our darling *******
Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet*
(Modell'd out so exactly, and—God bless the mark!—
'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand* a *M*****que*),
He exclaim'd "Oh mon R**!" and, with tear-dropping eye,
Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin, nigh,

* To commemorate the landing of ***** ** ****** from England, the impression of his foot is marked on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!
"Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's K**g;
"And dat *gros pied de cochon*—begar, me vil say
"Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way."
There's the pillar, too—Lord! I had nearly forgot—
What a charming idea!—raised close to the spot;
The mode being now (as you've heard, I suppose)
To build tombs over legs, * and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that's occurr'd sentimental as yet;
Except, indeed, some little flower-nymphs we've met,
Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,
Flinging flowers in your path, and then bawling for *sous!*
And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem
To recal the good days of the *ancien régime*,
All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE.

Our party consists, in a neat Calais job,
Of Papa and myself, Mr. CONNOR and BOB.
You remember how sheepish BOB look'd at Kilrandy,
But Lord! he's quite alter'd—they've made him a Dandy;

* Ci-gît la jambe de, etc. etc.

A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and laced,
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,
That seats like our music-stools soon must be found them,
To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them!
In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,
And Bob's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:
An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
Whose names—think, how quick!—he already knows pat,
A la braise, *petits pâtés*, and—what d'ye call that
They inflict on potatoes? oh! *maître d'hôtel*—
I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well
As if nothing but these all his life he had ate,
Though a bit of them Bobby has never touch'd yet;
But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks
As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

As to Pa, what d'ye think?—mind it's all *entre nous*,
But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—

Why he's writing a book—what! a tale? a romance?
No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his Travels in France;
At the special desire (he let out t'other day)
Of his friend and his patron, my Lord C—STL—R—GH,
Who said, "My dear FUDGE——" I forget th' exact
words,
And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's;
But 'twas something to say, that, as all must allow,
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
To expound to the world the new—thingummie—
science,
Found out by the—what's-its-name—Holy A*****ce,
And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you know, DOLLY);
"There's none," said his Lordship, "if *I* may be judge,
"Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE!"

The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to *the Row*
(The *first* stage your tourists now usually go),
Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—
Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French
phrases—
"SCOTT's Visit," of course—in short, every thing *he* has
An author can want, except words and ideas:—

And, lo! the first thing in the spring of the year,
Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better
Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding long letter
You owe to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*,
Which BOBBY *would* have, and is hard at it yet.—
What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,
Young CONNOR:—they say he's so like BON****TE,
His nose and his chin,—which Papa rather dreads,
As the B*****NS, you know, are suppressing all heads
That resemble old NAP's, and who knows but their honours
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR's?
Au reste (as we say), the young lad's well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;
A third-cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job
(Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma),
And for charity made private tutor to BOB—
Entre nous, too, a Papist—how liberal of Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus;
But BOB's *déjeûner*'s done, and Papa's in a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will nos let me stop
Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,
Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, *there* will be joy,
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame LE ROI! *

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C————H.

Paris.

AT length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this
"Demoralized" metropolis;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
"Stood prostrate" at the people's feet;

* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)
The *level* of obedience *slopes*
Upward and downward, as the *stream*
Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam!**
Where the poor palace changes masters
Quicker than a snake its skin,
And ***** is rolled out on castors
While ***** 's borne on shoulders in:
But where, in every change, no doubt,
One special good your Lordship traces,—
That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,
The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C———GH,
I've thought of thee upon the way,
As in my *job* (what place could be
More apt to wake a thought of thee?)
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dickey (as is fitting

* This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shows how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B———, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said—"He put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and," etc. etc.

For him who writes a Tour, that he
May more of men and manners see),
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!
Reflecting how thy fame has grown
And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
Like Major SEMPLE, every where!
And marvelling with what powers of breath
Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears,—and when
All sovereigns else were dozed, at last
Speech'd down the Sovereign * of Belfast.
Oh! 'mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis;
'Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
There's *one* thou shouldst be chiefly pleased at—

* The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the "studium immane loquendi" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of "The best cavalry officer in Europe—the Regent!"

That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
And C———GH's the thing now sneezed at!

But hold, my pen!—a truce to praising—
Though even your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amazing;
But time and ink run short, and now
(As *thou* would'st say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes),
I must *embark* into the *feature*
On which this letter chiefly *hinges*;—*
My Book, the Book that is to prove—
And *will*, so help ye Sprites above,
That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
Watching the labours of the FUDGES!—
Will prove that all the world, at present,
Is in a state extremely pleasant:
That Europe—thanks to royal swords
And bayonets, and the Duke commanding—
Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
Passeth all human understanding:

* Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches—"And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."

That F***ce prefers her go-cart ****
To such a coward scamp as *****—
Though round, with each a leading-string,
There standeth many a R*y*l crony,
For fear the chubby, tottering thing
Should fall, if left there *loney-poney:*
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets;
And that the Irish, grateful nation!
Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,
And bless thee for their flagellation,
As HELOISA did her lover! *
That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
Upon the side-board, snug reposes;
While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,
And Norway "on a bed of roses!"
That, as for some few million souls,
Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!
If half were strangled—Spaniards, Poles,
And Frenchmen—'t wouldn't make much odds,
So Europe's goodly Royal ones
Sit easy on their sacred thrones;

* See her Letters.

So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,
And ***** eats his *salmi* * daily;
So time is left to Emperor SANDY
To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy;
And G——GE the R—G—T (who'd forget
That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)
Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
For dragons, after Chinese models,
And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
Might come and nine times knock their noddles!—
All this my Quarto 'll prove—much more
Than Quarto ever proved before—
In reasoning with the *Post* I'll vie,
My facts the *Courier* shall supply,
My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
On BIDDY'S back or BOBBY'S shoulder
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
Who longs to be a small place-holder),

* Ὀψα τε, δια εδυσι διοτρεφεες βασιληες.
HOMER, *Odyss.* 3.

Is—though I say't that shouldn't say—
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—*only* one—
To show its spirit, and I've done.

" *Jul. thirty-first.*—Went after snack,
" To the Cathedral of St. Denny;
" Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,
" And—gave the old Concierge a penny!
" (*Mem.*—Must see *Rheims*, much famed, 'tis said,
" For making Kings and gingerbread).
" Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,
" A little B***bon, buried lately,
" Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
" Though only twenty-four hours old! *
" Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins;
" Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!
" If R**alty, but aged a day,
" Can boast such high and puissant sway,
" What impious hand its power would fix,
" Full fledged and wigg'd, † at fifty-six?"

* So described on the coffin: " très-haute et puissante Princesse, âgée d'un jour."

† There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty,

The argument's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D.—
So now, with duty to the R—G—T,
I am, dear Lord,
Your most obedient,
P. F.

Hotel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.

Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;
But BIDDY said she thought 'twould look
Genteeler thus to date my Book,
And BIDDY's right—besides, it curries
Some favour with our friends at MURRAY's,
Who scorn what any man can say,
That dates from Rue St. Honoré! *

which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities:—"nonne longè *latèque* Principem ostentant?"

* See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book "in a back street of the French capital."

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

Oh Dick! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding;
And *this* is the place for it, Dicky, you dog,
Of all places on earth—the head quarters of Prog!
Talk of England—her famed Magna Charta, I swear, is
A humbug, a flam, to the Carte * at old Véry's;
And as for your Juries—*who* would not set o'er 'em
A Jury of Tasters, † with woodcocks before 'em?
Give Cartwright his Parliaments, fresh every year—
But those friends of *short Commons* would never do here;
And let Romilly speak as he will on the question,
No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, Dick, *I* fatten—but *n'importe* for that,
'Tis the mode—your Legitimates always get fat;

* The bill of Fare.—Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

† Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his Almanach des Gourmands, cinquième année, p. 78.

There's the R—G—T, there's ****s—and B*N*Y tried too,
But, though somewhat imperial in paunch, 'twouldn't do:
He improved, indeed, much in this point when he wed,
But he ne'er grew right r*y*lly fat *in the head.*

Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris!—but stay—
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,
As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne, *
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,
And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream*-ice;
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint! †

* The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*; "Pays, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquere."—Dachat.

† The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *pâtés* are made at

I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight as can be—
For, a lad who *goes into the world,* DICK, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—
Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of* it.
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold up
"The mirror to nature"—so bright you could sup
Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays—devil 's in them—too tight for a feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette.*
There, DICK, what a breakfast!—oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;
But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out
One's *pâté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote,*

Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique*.—"On déplume l'estomac des oies; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie," etc. p. 206.

One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidneys—imagine, DICK—done with champagne!
Then some glasses of *Beaune,* to dilute—or, mayhap,
Chambertin, * which you know 's the pet tipple of NAP,
And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but *I*'m not so partic'lar.—
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then, DICK, 's
The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix—
(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't
I'd swallow even W—TK—N's, for sake of the end on't)—
A neat glass of *parfait-amour,* which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet † tipp'd over one's lips!
This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd!
Till a man's used to paying there's something so queer in't)—
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in't,

* The favourite wine of Napoleon.
† *Velours en bouteille.*

We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh DICK, the phyzzes,
The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno Domini One;
A laced hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul!—
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our PR——E, who nor reason nor fun dreads,
Inflicts, without even a court-martial, on hundreds. *
Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye
(Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by);
And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.
There goes a French Dandy—ah, DICK! unlike some ones
We've seen about WHITE'S—the Mounseers are but rum ones;
Such hats!—fit for monkeys—I'd back Mrs. DRAPER
To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:

* It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago, "Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Rois de la Chrétienté ensemble."—What would he say now?

And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
They'd club for old B—M—L, from Calais, to dress 'em!
The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-lopping nation,
To leave there behind them a snug little place
For the head to drop into, on decapitation!
In short, what with mountebanks, Counts, and friseurs,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,
Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as I'm a sinner,
The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner:
So *no* more at present—short time for adorning—
My day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS' * larder, my boy!
And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy

* A celebrated Restaurateur.

Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear Bob!" I'd
not budge—
Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is
R. Fudge.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

"Return!"—no, never, while the withering hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
Even in the fields where free those fathers trod,
I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth that Slavery had been there *—
On all I love,—home, parents, friends,—I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!

* "They used to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the fore-mentioned verse of the Psalmist ('If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,' etc.) or the words—'The memory of the desolation.'" *Leo of Modena.*

No!—let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues;
Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores:
* Still let your * * * *
* * * * * *
Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—every where the scourge pursues—
Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face!
Every where gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are served up victims to the vile and few;
While E******, every where—the general foe
Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!

Oh E******! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;

* I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses, on such barbarous sway,
Echoed where'er he bends his cheerless way;—
Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;
That low and desperate envy, which to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—
That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield;
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!
Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, ravening flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promised good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!

If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this,—
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fallen and tarnish'd thing thou art;
That, as the Centaur * gave th' infected vest,
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee C———GH:—as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by their pest they spread,
So hath our land breathed out—thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—
Her worst infections all condensed in him!

* * * * * *

When will the world shake off such yokes! oh, when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heaven and Nature meant mankind should be!
When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;

* Membra et Herculeos toros
Urit lues Nessea.———————
Ille, ille victor vincitur.—*Senec. Hercul. OEt.*

Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Victory, with a NERO's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be?—or, oh! is it, in truth,
But one of those sweet day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all given up?—and are *they* only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd
In scales that, ever since the world begun,
Have counted millions but as dust to one?
Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
The rights, the freedom to which man was born;
Who * * * * *
* * * * * *
Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;

Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's!
If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there!—
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
For Liberty, which once awaked my strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,
The High L*git**ates, the Holy Band,
Who, bolder even than he of Sparta's land,
Against whole millions, panting to be free,
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny!
Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade
Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,
Welcome * * * * *
* * * * * *
And, 'stead of Aristides—woe the day
Such names should mingle!—welcome C——gh!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,
Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.
My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
Thoughts that * * * *

* * * * * *

Thoughts that—could patience hold—'twere wiser far
To leave still hid and burning where they are!

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

WHAT a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad, naughty girl—
Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
Yet even (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
But, Lord, such a place! and then, DOLLY, my dresses,
My gowns, so divine!—there's no language expresses,
Except just the *two* words "superbe," "magnifique,"
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!
It is call'd—I forget—*à la*—something which sounded
Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(BOB'S) cookery language, and Madame LE ROI'S:
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,

One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyché* and curls *à la braise*.—
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite *à la française*,
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—
This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!
Brother Bobby's remark t'other night was a true one;—
"This *must* be the music," said he, "of the *spears*,
"For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one!"
Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out
'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about)
That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State.—
What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!
What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it!

If, when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old Laïs, * and chose to make use
of it!
No—never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.
So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!

But, the dancing—*ah parlez-moi*, Dolly, *de ça*—
There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance!
Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias!
Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature!—you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,

* The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her and hug her, and keep her from Heaven?
Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, DOLLY! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
To make love to me then—*you've* a soul, and can judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY FUDGE!

The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart in)
They call it the Play-house—I think—of Saint Martin;*
Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.
Here DANIEL, in pantomine,† bids bold defiance
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,

* The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera-House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781.—A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, "couleur feu de l'Opéra!"—*Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.*

† A piece very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou la

While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it;—
Here Bégrand,* who shines in this scriptural path,
As the lovely Susanna, without even a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner that, Bob says, is quite *Eve-angelic!*

But, in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;
And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon,† a place where—I doubt
If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out

Fosse aux Lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. "*Scène* 20.—La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Éternel."

* Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in "Susanna and the Elders," "L'amour et la Folie," etc. etc.

† The Promenades Aériennes, or French Mountains.—See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by F. F. Cotterel, Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris, etc. etc.

From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll—you hardly know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thundering, as if you went post to old Scratch!*
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forced giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,
That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can—
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher!
Up he came, Doll, to me, and uncovering his head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,

* According to Dr. Cotterel, the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

" Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
" Just for von littel course"—though I scarce understood
What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.
Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew
whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heaven and earth, DOLLY, coming to-
gether,—
Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.
And oh! as I gazed on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara!

This achieved, through the gardens* we saunter'd
about,
Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd " magnifique!" at
each cracker,

* In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Dr. Cotterel informs us) " douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets servis par une main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci."—P. 22.

And when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I will say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me—this Stranger—it may be mere folly—
But *who* do you think we all think it is, DOLLY?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,
Who's here now incog.*—he, who made such a fuss, you
Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLATOFF,
When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER's cravat off!
Pa says he's come here to look after his money,
(Not taking things now as he used under BONEY)
Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver received at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Used three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declared that such grief
Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly push—

* His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppin, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently.

Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as Bob says, "like shot through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu—only think, Dolly, think
If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a wink
With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count Ruppin, to drive away vapours,
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss Biddy Fudge.

Not a Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis he—
For he knows the L*git**ate cut, and could see,
In the way he went poising, and managed to tower
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power.*

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER TIM FUDGE, ESQ. BARRISTER AT LAW.

Yours of the 12th received just now—
Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!
'Tis truly pleasing to see how
We Fudges stand by one another.
But never fear—I know my chap,
And he knows *me*, too—*verbum sap.*
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
Like in our ways as two young ferrets;
Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,
To twist into all sort of places;—
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,
Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who'd have thought it?"
Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,—
Not even th' Attorney-General bought it.

And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better;
We, proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

Reynolds and I—(you know Tom Reynolds—
Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—
Lucky the dog that first unkennels
Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;
Or who can help to *bag* a few,
When S—d——th wants a death or two);
Reynolds and I, and some few more,
All men like us of *information*,
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
As *under*-saviours of the nation—*
Have form'd a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vocation;

* Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

Tracing it up to great King Midas,
Who, though in fable typified as
A royal Ass, by grace divine
And right of ears, most assinine,
Was yet no more, in fact historical,
  Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;
And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,
  Meaning Informers, kept at high rent—*
Gemmen, who touch'd the Treasury glisteners,
Like us, for being trusty listeners;
And picking up each tale and fragment,
For royal Midas's green bag meant.
" And wherefore," said this best of Peers,
" Should not the R—g—t too have ears, †

* This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann :—Hâc allegoriâ significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subausculta-tores dimittere solitum, per quos, quæcumque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nimirum illis utens auriam vice."

† Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau,

" Midas, le roi Midas a des oreilles d'ane,"

tells us, that " M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi." I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

" To reach as far, as long and wide as
" Those of his model, good King MIDAS?"
This speech was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood—
Instant we drank " The R—G—T's Ears,"
With three times three illustrious cheers,
That made the room resound like thunder—
" The R—G—T's Ears, and may he ne'er
" From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear
" Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!" *
This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us as merry all as grigs.
In short (I'll thank you not to mention
These things again) we get on gaily;
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
Our little Club increases daily.
CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,
Who don't as yet full salary touch,

* It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages :

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris. OVID.

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P——e R—g—t together.

Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
Houses and lands, like Tom and I,
Of course don't rank with us, *salvators*, *
But merely serve the Club as waiters.
Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days,
(For *us*, I own, an awkward phrase)
When, in our new costume adorn'd,—
The R—g—t's buff-and-blue coats *turn'd*—
We have the honour to give dinners
To the chief Rats in upper stations; †
Your W——ys, V——ns—half-fledged sinners,
Who shame us by their imitations;
Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that?
Give me the useful *peaching* Rat;
Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
Whose wooden heads are all they've brought;
Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
But too faint-hearted to betray,
Are, after all their twists and bends,
But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.

* Mr. Fudge and his friends should go by this name—as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.

† This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as itshould be—"verè dulce sodalitium."

No, no,—we nobler vermin are
A *genus* useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
  Of which your natural histories brag,
The rarest must be Rats like us,
  Who *let the cat out of the bag*.
Yet still these Tyros in the cause
Deserve, I own, no small applause;
And they're by us received and treated
With all due honours—only seated
In th' inverse scale of their reward,
The merely *promised* next my Lord;
Small pensions then, and so on, down,
  Rat after rat, they graduate
Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
  To Chancellorship and Marquisate.
This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;
The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure;
My Lord, you know, 's an amateur—*

* His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a-week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

Takes every part with perfect ease,
  Though to the Base by nature suited,
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victims to his glees,
  And has them both well *executed*.
H——T——D, who, though no Rat himself,
  Delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
  And superintends the *Corni* parts.
While C—NN—G,* who'd be *first* by choice,
Consents to take an *under* voice;
And G———S,† who well that signal knows,
Watches the *Volti Subitos*. §

* This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,
  "It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
"For *your* character's totally lost,
  "And *I* have not sufficient for *two*!"

† The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

§ *Turn instantly*—a frequent direction in music-books.

In short, as I've already hinted,
We take, of late, prodigiously;
But as our Club is somewhat stinted
For *Gentlemen*, like Tom and me,
We'll take it kind if you'll provide
A few *Squireens* * from t'other side;—
Some of those loyal, cunning elves,
(We often tell the tale with laughter)
Who used to hide the pikes themselves,
Then hang the fools who found them after.
I doubt not you could find us, too,
Some Orange Parsons that would do;
Among the rest, we've heard of one,
The Reverend—something—Hamilton,
Who stuff'd a figure of himself
(Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,
To bring some Papists to the shelf,
That couldn't otherwise be got at—
If *he*'ll but join th' Association,
We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.

* The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

I've gone into this long detail,
Because I saw your nerves were shaken
With anxious fears lest I should fail
In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
But, bless your heart! you need not doubt—
We FUDGES know what we're about.
Look round, and say if you can see
A much more thriving family.
There's JACK, the Doctor—night and day
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious ninnies,
He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He's fobb'd, for that day's work, already.
I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,
"Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
So generous are, when they call him in,

That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—
Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,
Your head-ache is a *hemi-cranium*:—
His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men,
He begs them to put out their tongues,
Then bids them—put them in again!
In short there's nothing now like JACK;—
Take all your doctors, great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all.

So much for physic—then, in law too,
Counsellor TIM! to thee we bow;
Not one of us gives more eclat to
Th' immortal name of FUDGE than thou.
Not to expatiate on the art
With which you play'd the patriot's part,
Till something good and snug should offer;—
Like one, who, by the way he acts

Th' *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes like thee, my Tim!
Who shall describe thy powers of face,
Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,
Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
(As suits thy calling) in the former—
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that's clear and right,
Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth,
And leave her not a leg to stand on.—
Thy patent, prime, morality,—
Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
To help in trouncing for a libel;—
"God knows, I, from my soul, profess
"To hate all bigots and benighters!
"God knows, I love, to even excess,
"The sacred Freedom of the Press,
"My only aim's to—crush the writers."

These are the virtues, TIM, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh, TIM—if Law be Law—
Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length,
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present—
Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of S—DM—H and of C———GH,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—FUDGES!

Good bye—my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for

Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ————.

Before we sketch the Present—let us cast
A few short rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length;—
When loosed, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right;
Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
And hoped the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
And all was bright with promise;—Kings began
To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
And Man was grateful—Patriots of the South
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there!

Who did not hope in that triumphant time,
When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heaven look'd on,
Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone;—
That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid,
And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
Would blush, and deviate into right at last?
But no—the hearts that nursed a hope so fair
Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare;
Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,
The only *quite* untameable are K**gs!
Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,
The instinct of their race broke out anew;
Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
And "Rapine!—rapine!" was the cry again.
How quick they carved their victims, and how well,
Let Saxony, let injured Genoa tell,—
Let all the human stock that, day by day,
Was at the Royal slave-mart truck'd away,—
The million souls that, in the face of Heaven,
Were split to fractions,* barter'd, sold, or given

* "Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe—not according to rights, natural affiances, language, habits, or

To swell some despot power, too huge before,
And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more
How safe the faith of K**gs let F***ce decide;—
Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried—
Her Press enthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again
With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain—
Her crown disgraced by one, who dared to own
He thank'd not F***ce but E*****d for his throne—
Her triumphs cast into the shade by those
Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields,
To tread down every trophy of her fame,
And curse that glory which to them was shame!—
Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
Were dared through Europe, cry aloud to men,
With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of K**gs;

laws; but by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls, demi-souls,* and even *fractions,* according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes which could be levied by the acquiring state," etc.—*Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia.*—The words on the protocol are *ames, demi-ames,* etc.

And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare
The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted!

It could not last—these horrors *could* not last—
F***ce would herself have risen, in might, to cast
Th' insulters off—and oh! that then, as now,
Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
N**OL**N ne'er had come to force, to blight,
Ere half matured, a cause so proudly bright;—
To palsy patriot hearts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name;
To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,
And make the stake of *all* the game of *one!*
Then would the world have seen again what power
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;
Then would the fire of F***ce once more have blazed;
For every single sword, reluctant raised
In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;
And never, never had th' unholy stain
Of B***b*n feet disgraced her shores again!

But Fate decreed not so—th' Imperial Bird,
That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring;—
Well might he watch, when deeds were done that made
His own transgressions whiten in their shade;
Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er
By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more:
Forth from its cage that eagle burst to light,
From steeple on to steeple* wing'd its flight,
With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
From which a royal craven just had flown;
And resting there, as in its aerie, furl'd
Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
Was thus broke up in all its greedy mirth,
By one bold chieftain's stamp on G*ll*c earth!
Fierce was the cry and fulminant the ban,—
"Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,
"The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!"

* "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame."—N**ol**n's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

"Faithless!"—and this from *you*—from *you*,
forsooth,
Ye pious K**gs, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried;
Whose true Swiss zeal had served on every side;
Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,
Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,
And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see
Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy!
Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong
To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong—
The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate
Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state;
But let some upstart dare to soar so high
In K**gly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry!
What, though long years of mutual treachery
Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves;
Though each by turns was knave and dupe—what then?
A Holy League would set all straight again;
Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip or two
In some bless'd fountain made as good as new!*

* Singulis annis in quodam Atticæ fonte lota virginitatem recuperâsse fingitur.

Most faithful Russia—faithful to whoe'er
Could plunder best, and give him amplest share;
Who, even when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,
For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*,*
And, deepening still by amiable gradations,
When foes are stript of all, then fleeced relations! †
Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd to the ears
In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,
And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head!
Pure Austria too,—whose history nought repeats
But broken leagues and subsidized defeats;
Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,
Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows!
And thou, oh England!—who, though once as shy
As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C———GH,
In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits
Th' escape from E**a frighten'd into fits;

* At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.

† The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

Such were the saints who doom'd N**OL**N's life,
In virtuous frenzy, to the assassin's knife!
Disgusting crew!—*who* would not gladly fly
To open, downright, bold-faced tyranny,
To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,
From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
Their canting crimes and varnish'd villanies;—
These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast
Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd them most;
From whose affection men should shrink as loath
As from their hate, for they'll be fleeced by both;
Who, even while plundering, forge Religion's name
To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
Call down the Holy Trinity* to bless
Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness!
But hold—enough—soon would this swell of rage
O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page,—

* The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles;" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

So, here I pause—farewell—another day
Return we to those Lords of prayer and prey,
Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine
Deserve a lash—oh! weightier far than mine!

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE, TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

Dear Dick, while old Donaldson's * mending my stays,—
Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these days,
And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,
We lads had begun our desert with a bottle
Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back
Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!—
Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical phrase,
"D—n my eyes, Bob, in *doubling* the *Cape* you've *miss'd stays*." †

* An English tailor at Paris.

† A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without them,
They're now at the Schneider's *—and, while he's about them,
Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop—
Let us see—in my last I was—where did I stop?
Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun:
With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, DICK, down by degrees
To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;
Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it,
Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.
Then, DICK, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,
Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,
Green-grocers, green gardens—one hardly knows whether
'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!
And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclined under trees;

* The dandy term for a tailor.

Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,
Enjoying their news and *groseille* * in those arbours,
While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
And founts of red currant-juice † round them are purling.

Here, DICK, arm in arm, as we chattering stray,
And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the way,—
For 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've wasted our wealth
And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,
To cram down their throats an old K**g for their health,
As we whip little children to make them take physic;—
Yet, spite of our good-natured money and slaughter,
They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy water!

* "Lemonade and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers."—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, book 6.

† These gay, portable fountains, from which the groseille-water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they nourish us
Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—
Long as, by bayonets protected, we Natties
May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *pâtés* ?
And, truly, I always declared 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city :
Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long ago blown
The whole batch to Old Nick—and the *people*, I own,
If for no other cause than their curst monkey looks,
Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it, their cooks !
As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage,
For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to spinage ;
But think, DICK, their cooks—what a loss to mankind !
What a void in the world would their art leave behind !
Their chronometer spits—their intense salamanders—
Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders,
All vanish'd for ever—their miracles o'er,
And the *Marmite Perpétuelle* * bubbling no more !

* " Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle ; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons."—Alman. des Gourmands, Quatrième Année, p. 1[illegible]

Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies,
Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take mone
But leave them, oh leave them their Périgueux pies,
Their glorious goose-livers, and high-pickled tunn
Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought
Though R**al*y's here on her very last legs,
Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught u
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs? †

You see, Dick, in spite of their cries of "God–dem,'
"Coquin Anglais," et cæt'ra—how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
Which will take us all night to get through in this w
From the Boulevards we saunter through many a stre
Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops;
Here, a L***s D*x-h**t—*there*, a Martinmas goose
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of use)

* Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors-d'œuvres*. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon. "La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets."—Cours Gastronomique, p. 252.

† The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière—"On connoît en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any :—
St. Tony, who used all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn ;
While *there* St. Venecia * sits hemming and frilling her
Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner ;—
St. Austin's the " outward and visible sign
" Of an inward " cheap dinner and pint of small wine ;
While St. Denys hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,
And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,†
Takes an interest in Dandies, who've got—next to none !
Then we stare into shops—read the evening's *affiches*—
Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick),
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call 't—*des Panoramas*,§
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as

* Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

† St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known : —" Je le crois bien ; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

§ Off the Boulevards Italiens.

Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.
We vary, of course—*petits pâtés* do *one* day,
The *next* we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hollandais, *
That popular artist, who brings out, like Sc—tt,
His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot;
Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,
Divine *maresquino*, which—Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or
Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,
And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,
Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
To regenerate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
Who've lapsed into snacks—the perdition of dinners.
And here, Dick—in answer to one of your queries,
About which we, Gourmands, have had much discussion—
I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,

* In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the *moëlleux* of his Gauffres.

And think, for *digestion*,* there's none like the Russian;
So equal the motion—so gentle, though fleet—
It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,
That take whom you please—take old L**** D******
And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stew'd lampreys,†
So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've found them,
That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,
The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,
And the regicide lampreys§ be foil'd of their prey!

* Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon, or French Mountains, and calls them "une médecine aérienne, couleur de rose;" but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully:

Memoranda.—The Swiss little notice deserves,
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
And (whate'er Doctor Cotterel may write on the question)
The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

† A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

§ They killed Henry I. of England—"a food (says F

Such, DICK, are the classical sports that content us,
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous,
That epoch——but woa! my lad—here comes the Schneider,
And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider—
Too wide by an inch and a half—what a Guy!
But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-and-by—
As we've MASSINOT's* eloquent *carte* to eat still up,
An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.

So—not to lose time, DICK—here goes for the task;
Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I but ask,
That my life, like "the Leap of the German,"† may be,
"Du lit à la table, de la table au lit!"

R. F.

gravely) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution."

* A famous Restaurateur—now Dupont.

† An old French saying:—"Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table, et de la table au lit."

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST——GH.

My Lord, the Instructions, brought to-day,
"I shall in all my best obey."
Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!
And—whatso'er some wags may say—
Oh! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel the inquiries in your letter
About my health and French most flattering;
Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,
Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering:—
Nothing, of course, that can compare
With his who made the Congress stare
(A certain Lord we need not name),
Who, even in French, would have his trope,
And talk of "*bâtir* un systême
"Sur *l'équilibre* de l'Europe!"
Sweet metaphor!—and then the epistle,
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,

That tender letter to "Mon Prince,"*
Which show'd alike thy French and sense;—
Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do
Or say *un-English* things like you;
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
  Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,
  What charming Turkish would'st thou speak!
But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,
  At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn, like thee, my Lord, to snub
  Fallen Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD'S grammar—
Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
How far a little French will go;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
  On some half dozen words like these—
Comme ça—par-là—là-bas—ah! ah!
  They'll take you all through France with ease.

* The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English); in which his Lordship, professing to see "no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as "not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Buonaparte's vassals."

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few laced caps
For Lady C.) delight me greatly.
Her flattering speech—"what pretty things
One finds in Mr. FUDGE's pages!"
Is praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend;
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approved of than my last MS.—
The former ones, I fear, were creased,
As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin them;
But these will come to hand, at least
Unrumpled, for—there's nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.

Aug. 10.

WENT to the Mad-house—saw the man *
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend
Of Discord here full riot ran,
He like the rest was guillotined;—
But that when, under BONEY's reign
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one),
The heads were all restored again,
He in the scramble got a *wrong one.*
Accordingly, he still cries out
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
And always runs, poor devil, about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropp'd,
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye Gods!
How many heads might thus be swopp'd,
And, after all, not make much odds!

* This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own.

For instance, there's V—s—tt—t's head—
(" Tam *carum* "* it may well be said)
If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Soames's † shoulders,
The effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders:
Except that while in its *new* socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A *zigzag*-way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—dm—h, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old Lady Wilhelmina Frump's—
So, while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,
The head might lisp out " What is trumps?"—
The R—g—t's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;

* Tam cari capitis.—Horat.
† A celebrated pickpocket.

And, *vice versâ*, take the pains
To give the P—CE the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow—
Ribbons would not be wasted so!

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
And, even at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snored,
Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit *myself*.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—BOTTOM.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter BID—was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion's just the same *
N**OL**N sat on—what a shame!

* The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution

Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers!
When L***s seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"
Are much the same they used to be?
However,—God preserve the Throne,
And *cushion* too—and keep them free
From accidents, which *have* been known
To happen even to Royalty! *

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly).
'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's *fat*'s a serious matter;

of lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal; "exitium misêre apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil:—but may not *new swarms* arise out of the *victims* of Legitimacy yet?

* I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well know to have happened to poor L—s le D—s—é, some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

And once in every year, at least,
He's weigh'd—to see if he gets fatter: *
Then, if a pound or two he be
Increased, there's quite a jubilee! †

Suppose, my Lord,—and far from me
To treat such things with levity—
But just suppose the R—G—T's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;
And, every sessions, at the close,—
'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
We were to try how heavy *he* is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the Nation's Revenue

* "The third day of the feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care."— F. BERNIER's *Voyage to Surat, etc.*

† "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding."—Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of Heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a *Prince* a joulter head is invaluable."—*Oriental Field Sports.*

Loses so many pounds a year,
The P——E, God bless him! *gains* a few.

With bales of muslins, chintzes, spices,
I see the Easterns weigh their Kings;—
But, for the R—G—T, my advice is,
We should throw in much *heavier* things:
For instance ———'s quarto volumes,
Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;
Dominie ST—DD—T's Daily columns,
"Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd clap them—
Letters, that C—RTW——T's pen indites,
In which, with logical confusion,
The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
And never comes to a *Conclusion*:—
Lord S—M—RS' pamphlet—or his head—
(Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!)
Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
The Speeches of Sir JOHN C—X H—PP—SLY;
That Baronet of many words,
Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
To whisper Bishops—and so nigh
Unto their wigs in whispering goes,

That you may always know him by
A patch of powder on his nose!—
If this won't do, we in must cram
The "Reasons" of Lord B—CK—GH—M;
(A Book his Lordship means to write,
Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting:")
Or, should these prove too small and light,
His ——'s a host—we'll bundle *that* in!
And, *still* should all these masses fail
To stir the R—G—T's ponderous scale,
Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,
Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—GL—Y's beauteous Dame—
If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't!

Aug. 31.

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS
About those famous spies at Rome,*
Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—

* The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our Olivers and Castleses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo;—"qui formam vitæ iniit, quam postea celebrem miseriæ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt."—TACIT. *Annal.* 1, 74.

Describe as much resembling us,*
Informing gentlemen, at home.
But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,
To say Lord S—DM—TH's like TIBERIUS!
What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,
Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman!—
'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to
All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too.
'Tis true, my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
And deal in perjury—*ditto* TIB's.
'Tis true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid
His rogues from justice†—*ditto* SID.
'Tis true, the Peer is grave and glib
At moral speeches—*ditto* TIB. §

* They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents :—" *socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) libidinum et necessitatum, *quo pluribus indiciis inligaret.*"

† " Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, *quem odium publicum tutiorem faciebat.* Nam ut quis districtior accusator *velut sacrosanctus erat.*" Annal. lib. 4, 36.—Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy :—" This daring accuser had the *curses* of the *people*, and the *protection* of the *Emperor*. *Informers*, in proportion as they rose in guilt, *became sacred characters.*"

§ Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet " constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his pa-

'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did
Were in his dotage—*ditto* Sid.

So far, I own, the parallel
'Twixt Tib and Sid goes vastly well;
But there are points in Tib that strike
My humble mind as much more like
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him
Of the India Board—that soul of whim!
Like him, Tiberius loved his joke,*
On matters, too, where few can bear one;
E. g. a man, cut up, or broke
Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one!
Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,
Are nothing to such wholesale wits;
But, let the sufferer gasp for life,
The joke is then worth any money;
And, if he writhe beneath a knife,—
Oh dear, that's something *quite* too funny.
In this respect, my Lord, you see
The Roman wag and ours agree:

rallel, that Tiberius was a *good private* character:—"egregium vitâ famâque *quoad privatus*."

* "*Ludibria seriis* permiscere solitus."

Now, as to *your* resemblance—mum—
This parallel we need not follow ;*
Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow ;
Whips, chains,—but these are things too serious
For me to mention or discuss;
Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,
PHIL. FUDGE's part is *Tacitus!*

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got
Up any decent kind of plot
Against the winter-time—if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin's fated;
All done up, and *spiflicated!*
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C—TL—GH to CASTLES,—
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!

What's to be done ?—Spa-Fields was clever;
But even *that* brought gibes and mockings

* There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned—"*suspensa semper et obscura verba.*"

Upon our heads—so, *mem.*—must never
Keep ammunition in old stockings;
For fear some wag should in his curst head
Take it to say our force was *worsted.*
Mem. too—when SID. an army raises
It must not be "incog." like *Bayes's:*
Nor must the General be a hobbling
Professor of the art of Cobbling;
Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
Should say, with Jacobinic grin,
He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons,**
A *Wellington*'s great *soul* within!
Nor must an old Apothecary
Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
With (what these wags would call, so merry)
Physical force and *phial*-ence!
No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contrived more skilfully.
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesomely sharp and knowing,
So wise—in short, so Jacobin—
'Tis monstrous hard to *take him in.*

* Short boots, so called.

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled;
But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er
Till all this matter's fairly settled;
And here's the mode occurs to *me*:
As none of our Nobility
(Though for their *own* most gracious King
They would kiss hands, or—any thing)
Can be persuaded to go through
This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou;*
And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,
Without some mumming exhibition,
Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
GRIMALDI to them on a mission:
As *Leg*ate, JOE could play his part,
And if, in diplomatic art,
The "volto sciolto"* 's meritorious,
Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious!

A *title* for him's easily made;
And, by the bye, one Christmas time,

* The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

If I remember right, he play'd
Lord Morley in some pantomime;—*
As Earl of M—rl—y, then, gazette him,
If *t'other* Earl of M—rl—y'll let him.
(And why should not the world be blest
With *two* such stars, for East and West?)
Then, when before the Yellow Screen
He's brought—and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene
Of Joe in the Celestial Presence!—
He thus should say:—" Duke Ho and Soo,
" I'll play what tricks you please for you,
" If you'll, in turn, but do for me
" A few small tricks you now shall see.
" If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
" At least you'll do the same for *my* King."
He then should give them nine such grins
As would astound even Mandarins;

* Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of " Lord Morley" in the pantomime,—so much to the horror of the distinguished Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H-rr-s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spic-and-span-new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

And throw such somersets before
The picture of King GEORGE (God bless him!)
As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
Would, by CONFUCIUS, *much* distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
But thin you'll find some wisdom in't;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord (you *know* poor BOB),
Would in the suit be glad to go
And help his Excellency, JOE;—
At least, like noble AMH—RST's son,
The lad will do to *practise* on.*

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

WELL, it *isn't* the King, after all, my dear creature!
But *don't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing to quiz in't—

* See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
He *might* be a King, DOLL! though, hang him, he isn't.
At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
If for no other cause but to vex Miss MALONE,—
(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's here,
Showing off with *such* airs and a real Cashmere,*
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit-skin, dear!)
But says Pa, after deeply considering the thing,
"I am just as well pleased it should *not* be the King;
"As I think for my BIDDY, so *gentille* and *jolie,*
"Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way fetch,
"That a Brandenburg"—(what *is* a Brandenburg, DOLLY?)—
"Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
"If the R—G—T, indeed—" added he, looking sly—
(You remember that comical squint of his eye)

* See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a *shawl* "peau de lapin."

But I stopp'd him with "La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
"When the R—G—T loves none but old women, you
know!"
Which is fact, my dear DOLLY—we, girls of eighteen,
And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen;
And would like us much better as old—ay, as old
As that Countess of DESMOND, of whom I've been told
That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,
Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear,—
You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run over,
Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through
the air!

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, DOLLY, yes—
From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;
When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
Whose journey, BOB says, is so like Love and Marriage,
"Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly;
"And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!"*
Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through,
And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,

* The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.

With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,
Set out with Papa, to see L**** D******
Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le* ****—
And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!
The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walk'd o'er 'em,
'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
And Daphnes, and vases, and many a statue
There staring, with not even a stitch on them, at you!
The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—
"*Live bullion*," says merciless Bob, "which I think,
Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious!

But *what*, Dolly, what is the gay orange-grove,
Or gold fishes, to her that's in search of her love?
In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sat there!
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,
To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,
But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,

As the lock that, Pa says,* is to Mussulmen given,
For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to heaven!"
Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!
Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-day,"
Thought of the words of T—M M—RE's Irish Melody,
Something about the "green spot of delight," †
(Which you know, Captain MACINTOSH sung to us one day):
Ah, DOLLY! *my* "spot" was that Saturday night,
And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by Sunday!

We dined at a tavern—La, what do I say?
If BOB was to know!—a *Restaurateur's*, dear;

* For this scrap of knowledge "Pa" was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins; a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings," etc. The note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by this tuft of hair (on the crown of the head), worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise."

† The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines:

Oh! that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!

Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,
And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.
Fine Bob (for he's really grown *super*-fine)
Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;
Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,
And, in spite of my grief, love, I own I ate hearty.
Indeed, Doll, I know not how 'tis, but in grief,
I have always found eating a wond'rous relief;
And Bob, who's in love, said he felt the same *quite*—
"My sighs," said he, "ceased with the first glass I drank you;"
"The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,
"And now that all's o'er—why, I'm—pretty well, thank you!"

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late;
For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate
About singing and cookery,—Bobby, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;
And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,
"The French singers or cooks, but I wish us well over it—
"What with old Laïs and Véry, I'm curst
"If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!"

'Twas dark when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,
When sudden it struck me—last hope of my soul—
That some angel might take the dear man to TORTONI'S! *
We enter'd—and, scarcely had BOB, with an air,
For a *grappe à la jardinière* call'd to the waiters,
When, oh DOLL! I saw him—my hero was there
(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather gaiters),
A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,†
And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
Oh DOLLY, these heroes—what creatures they are!
In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car
As when safe at TORTONI'S, o'er iced currant-water!
He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my extacy—
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!
BOB wish'd to treat him with Punch *à la glace*,
But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,

* A fashionable *café glacier* on the Italian Boulevards.

† "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr. Scott, "under a Grecian group."

And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)
Were, to *him*, "on de top of all Ponch in de vorld."—
How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, DOLL, to me.
But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;
And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,
That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,
We all would set off in French buggies, together,
To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,
Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.
His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather creased—
But 'twas CALICOT—something—a Colonel, at least!
After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he
Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,
Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw
A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—"how do you do!"*

But, lord,—there's Papa for the post—I'm so vex'd—
Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next.
That dear Sunday night!—I was charmingly dress'd,
And—*so* providential!—was looking my best;

* Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.

Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my frills,
You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the bills)—
And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
Colonel CALICOT eyeing the cambric, my dear.
Then the flowers in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain—
So, good bye, my sweet DOLL—I shall soon write again.

B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours about—
Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?

P. S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me (now *do*, DOLLY, pray,
For I hate to ask BOB, he's so ready to quiz)
What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ————.

YES—'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—

A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on N*P*L**N's single brow;
Such the sublime abitrement, that pour'd,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A glory then, which never, since the day
Of his young victories, had illumèd its way!

Oh 'twas not then the time for tame debates,
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
When he, who fled before your Chieftain's eye,
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly, *
Denounced against the land, that spurn'd his chain,
Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;
When Europe's Kings, that never yet combined
But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,
Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind,

* See Ælian, lib. 5. cap. 29—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles—διαπετονται σιωπωντες.

Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,
Hating N*P*L**N much, but Freedom more,
And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
The world yet left one chance for liberty!—
No, 'twas not then the time to weave a net
Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret
Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
When every hope was in his speed and might—
To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how Freedom's *boughs* should shoot
When your Invader's axe was at the *root!*
No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and legitimate—
Yet, in that hour, were F***ce my native land,
I would have follow'd, with quick heart and hand,
N*P*L**N, NERO—ay, no matter whom—
To snatch my country from that damning doom,
That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits—
A Conqueror's satrap, throned within her gates!

True, he was false—despotic—all you please—
Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—

Had, by a genius form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,
But raised the hopes of men—as eaglets fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky—
To dash them down again more shatteringly!
* All this I own—but still * * * *

* * * * * * * *

LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ————.

At last, Dolly,—thanks to a potent emetic
Which Bobby and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallow'd this morning, to balance the bliss
Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'écrevisses*—
I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.

* Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and I find it necessary to use the same sort of reserve with respect to Mr. Phelim Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.

How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
Lady JANE, in the novel, less languish'd to hear
If that elegant cornet she met at Lord NEVILLE's
Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.
But Love, DOLLY, Love is the theme *I* pursue;
With Blue Devils, thank heaven, I've nothing to do—
Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALICOT spies
Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue eyes,
Which he stares at till *I*, DOLL, at *his* do the same;
Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, "Lord, Sir, for shame!"

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress
For the happy occasion—the sunshine *express*—.
Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,
It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.
Though late when we started, the scent of the air
Was like GATTIE's rose-water—and, bright, here and there,
On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet!
And the birds seem'd to warble as blest on the boughs,
As if *each* a plumed Calicot had for her spouse;
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,

And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose;*
And, ah, I shall ne'er, lived I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorency!

There was but *one* drawback—at first when we started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob!
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with Bob;
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so.*
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of Boney's—
Served with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they were
cronies—
So martial his features! dear Doll, you can trace
Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass, *
Which the poor Duc de B—ri must hate so to pass!
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—
About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
For example—misled by the names, I dare say—
He confounded Jack Castles with Lord C———gh;
And—such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on—
Fancied the *present* Lord C—md—n the *clever* one!

* The column in the Place Vendôme.

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade ;
'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd
Through that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd ;
And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know
All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU !—
" 'Twas there," said he—not that his *words* I can
state—
'Twas a gibberish that Cupid alone could translate ;—
But " there," said he (pointing where, small and remote,
The dear Hermitage rose), " there his JULIE he wrote,—
" Upon paper gilt-edged, * without blot or erasure ;
" Then sanded it over with silver and azure,
" And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do ?—
" Tied the leaves up together with *nompareille* blue !"
What a trait of Rousseau ! what a crowd of emotions
From sand and blue ribbons are conjured up here !
Alas, that a man of such exquisite † notions
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear !

* " Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, séchant l'écriture avec de la poudre d'azur et d'argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la nompareille bleue."—*Les Confessions*, Part 2, liv. 9.

† This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's ; and I understand she was not a little angry when

" 'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel CALICOT said—
As down the small garden he pensively led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
With rage not to find there the loved periwinkle) *
" 'Twas here he received from the fair D'EPINAY,
" (Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*, † every day),
" That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form
" A waistcoat to keep the enthusiast warm !" §

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,
As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd,
The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is !)
Led us to talk about other commodities,

her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet :—

" I'd fain praise your poem—but tell me, how is it,
When *I* cry out "Exquisite," *Echo* cries "*quiz it ?*"

* The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche !"

† "*Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle——et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi?"——etc. etc.

§ "Un jour, qu'il gelait très-fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyait, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquait avoir porté, et dont elle voulait que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillé pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois, en pleurant, le billet et le jupon."

Cambric, and silk, and I ne'er shall forget,
For the sun was then hastening in pomp to its set,
And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—who made my gown?
The question confused me—for, DOLL, you must know,
And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,
That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ *
That enchanting *couturière*, Madame LE ROI,
But am forced, dear, to have VICTORINE, who—deuce take her!—
It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker—
I mean *of his party*—and, though much the smartest,
LE ROI is condemn'd as a rank B*n*pa*t*st. †

Think, DOLL, how confounded I look'd—so well knowing
The Colonel's opinions—my cheeks were quite glowing,
I stammer'd out something—nay, even half named
The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,

* Miss Biddy's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for "*Le Roi.*"

† LE ROI, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, VICTORINE.

" Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen
" It was made by that B**rb*n*te b——h, Victorine!
What a word for a hero! but heroes *will* err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were.
Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,
I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arise when such dear fellows woo
us,—
The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us—
That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what Bob calls the " Twopenny-Post of the Eyes"—
Ah Doll! though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpractised these things to explain.
They can only be felt in their fullness divine,
By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish—for Bob, my dear Dolly,
Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
Is seized with a fancy for church-yard reflections;
And full of all yesterday's rich recollections,

Is just setting off for Montmartre—" for *there* is,"
Said he, looking solemn, " the tomb of the VÉRYS ! *
" Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,
" O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans ;
" And to-day—as my stomach is not in good cue
" For the *flesh* of the VÉRYS—I'll visit their *bones* !"
He insists upon *my* going with him—how teazing !
This letter, however, dear DOLLY, shall lie
Unseal'd in my drawer, that, if any thing pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—Good bye.

B. F.

Four o'Clock.

Oh DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd for ever—
I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never !
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I !
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick !

* It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words—" Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux *arts utiles*."

Oh what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so)
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove)
To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love,—
(The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the price—
And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop—
There he stood, my dear Dolly—no room for a doubt—
There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric before him roll'd out,
And that horrid yard-measure upraised in his hand!
Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—
'Twas *a shopman* he meant by a "Brandenburgh," dear!

The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worshipp'd—vile treacherous thing—
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around—the wretch smiled, I believe,
But his smiling, alas! could no longer deceive—
I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seem'd to wither—
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!
I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness said—"Curse the Kiddy!
"A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,
"But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, Biddy!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss Malone!
What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!
What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!
It will spread through the country—and never, oh never
Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again!
Farewell—I shall do something desperate, I fear—
And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,

One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,
BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota bene.—I'm sure you will hear, with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-night.
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. COX
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box!

NOTES.

Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

SHAKESPEARE.

NOTES.

Page 84.

So FERDINAND *embroiders gaily.*

IT would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-currying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P——e R——t!

Page 89.

Your curst tea and toast.

Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for *tea* renders him liable to a charge of *atheism?* Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian. Falster. Amœnitat. Philolog.*—"Atheum interpretabatur hominem ad herbâ The aversum." He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Petit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet*—or the Epigraphe which *Pechlinus* wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb—or the Anacreontics of *Peter Francius*, in which he calls Tea

Θεαν, θεην, θεαιναν.

The following passage from one of these Anacreontics will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists.

Θεοις, δίων τι πατρι
Εν χρυσειοις σκυφοισι
Διδοι το νικταρ Ηβη.
Σε μοι διακοραινετο
Εκυφοις εν μυρρινοισι,
Τω καλλεϊ πρεπουσαι
Καλαις χαριεσσι κεραι.

Which may be thus translated:—

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
High in heaven her nectar hold,
And to Jove's immortal throng
Pour the tide in cups of gold.—
I'll not envy heaven's princes,
While, with snowy hands, for me,
KATE the china tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohea!

Page 98.

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name.

The late lord C. of Ireland had a curious theory about names;—he held that every man with *three* names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous:—viz. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, etc. etc. and, in England, he produced as examples Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, etc. etc.

The Romans called a thief "homo trium literarum."

Tun' trium literarum homo
Me vituperas? Fur. *
Plautus, Aulular. Act. 2. Scene 4.

Page 102.

The Testament, turn'd into melo-drames nightly.

"The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, "is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théâtre de la Gaîté every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea."

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-drames at Vienna, we find "The Voice of G—d, by Mr. Schwartz."

Page 110.—Note.

No one can suspect Boileau of a sneer at his royal master, but the following lines, intended for praise, look very like one. Describing the celebrated passage of the Rhine, during which Louis remained on the safe side of the river, he says

Louis, les animant du feu de son courage,
Se plaint de *sa grandeur*, qui l'*attache au rivage!*
Epit. 4.

* *Dissaldeus* supposes this word to be a *glossema*:—that is, he thinks "Fur" has made his escape from the margin into the text.

Page 114.

Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well executed.

How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as Aristotle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

Page 135.—Note.

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with Kings—whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not; but *Dio Cassius* tells us that Pollio fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them.—See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon *Rabelais*, liv. 3. chap. 2.

Page 136.

'Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous.

Had Mr. Bob's *Dinner* Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my "scientia popinæ," * I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University,—whose reading formerly lay in the *magic* line; but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors "*de re cibariâ*" instead; and has left *Bodin, Remigius, Agrippa*, and his little dog *Filiolus*, for *Apicius, Nonius*, and that most learned and savoury jesuit, *Bulengerus*.

* Seneca.

Page 156.

" Live bullion," *says merciless Bob,* " *which I think*
" *Would, if* coin'd *with a little* mint *sauce, be delicious!*"

Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as *Cicero*, *St. Augustine,* and that jovial bishop, *Venantius Fortunatus*. The pun of the great orator upon the "jus Verrinum," which he calls bad *hog-broth,* from a play upon both the words, is well known; and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious:—" In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam præstitit *condimentum,* quo *sapiant* aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum."—*De Civitat. Dei, lib.* 16. *cap.* 30.—The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop *Venantius,* may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to *Cicero's* pun.

Plus *juscella* Coci quam mea *jura* valer.

See his poems, *Corpus Pœtar. Latin.* Tom. 2. p. 1732. —Of the same kind was *Montmaur's* joke, when a dish was spilt over him—" summum jus, summa injuria;" and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said

Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi *sola* places.

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of *kitchen* erudition, the learned *Lipsius's* jokes on cutting up a capon, in his *Saturnal. Sermon.* lib. 2. cap. 2.

Page 158.

Upon singing and cookery, Bobby, *of course,*
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force.

Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a *Bacon* (see his *Natural History*, *Receipts, etc.*); and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of *Mr. Dugald Stewart*,—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create."—*Philosophical Essays*.

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL

TO

CONGRESS.

Αλλ' ικ' οιει ΠΥΚΤΙΚΗΣ ΠΛΕΟΝ ΜΕΤΕΧΕΙΝ τυς πλυσιυς ιπιστημη τι και ιμπειρια Η ΠΟΛΕΜΙΚΗΣ; Εγω ιφη. PLATO *de Rep.* lib. 4.

"If any man doubt the significancy of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the laws of *Canting*, and published in this tongue."

BEN JONSON.

PREFACE.

THE Public have already been informed, through the medium of the daily prints, that, among the distinguished visitors to the Congress lately held at Aix-la-Chapelle, were Mr. BOB GREGSON, Mr. GEORGE COOPER, and a few more illustrious brethren of THE FANCY. It had been resolved at a Grand Meeting of the Pugilistic Fraternity, that, as all the *milling* Powers of Europe were about to assemble, personally or by deputy, at Aix-la-Chapelle, it was but right that THE FANCY should have its representatives there as well as the rest, and these gentlemen were accordingly selected for that high and honorable office. A description of this Meeting, of the speeches spoken, the resolutions, etc. etc. has been given in a letter written by one of the most eminent of the profession, which will be found in the Appendix, No. I.

Mr. CRIB's Memorial, which now for the first time meets the public eye, was drawn up for the purpose of being transmitted by these gentlemen to Congress; and, as it could not possibly be in better hands for the enforcement of every point connected with the subject, there is every reason to hope that it has made a suitable impression upon that body.

The favour into which this branch of Gymnastics, called Pugilism (from the Greek πυξ, as the Author of Boxiana learnedly observes), has risen with the Public of late years, and the long season of tranquillity which we are now promised by the new Millenarians of the Holy League, encourage us to look forward with some degree of sanguineness to an order of things, like that which PLATO and TOM CRIB have described (the former in the motto prefixed to this work, and the latter in the interesting Memorial that follows), when the *Milling* shall succeed to the *Military* system, and THE FANCY will be the sole arbitress of the trifling disputes of mankind. From a wish to throw every possible light on the history of an Art,

which is destined ere long to have such influence upon the affairs of the world, I have, for some time past, been employed in a voluminous and elaborate work, entitled "A Parallel between Ancient and Modern Pugilism," which is now in a state of considerable forwardness, and which I hope to have ready for delivery to subscribers on the morning of the approaching fight between Randall and Martin. Had the elegant author of Boxiana extended his inquiries to the *ancient* state of the art, I should not have presumed to interfere with a historian so competent. But, as his researches into antiquity have gone no farther than the *one* valuable specimen of erudition which I have given above, I feel the less hesitation

> ——————— novos decerpere flores,
> Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
> Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*
> LUCRET. lib. 4. v. 3.

The variety of studies necessary for such a task, and the multiplicity of references which it re-

> * To wander through THE FANCY'S bowers,
> To gather new, unheard-of flowers,
> And wreathe such garlands for my brow
> As Poet never wreathed till now!

quires, as well to the living as the dead, can only be fully appreciated by him who has had the patience to perform it. Alternately studying in the Museum and the Fives Court—passing from the Academy of Plato to that of Mr. Jackson—now indulging in *Attic flashes* with Aristophanes, and now studying *Flash* in the *Attics* of *Cock-Court**—between so many and such various associations has my mind been divided during the task, that sometimes, in my bewilderment, I have confounded Ancients and Moderns together,—mistaken the *Greek* of St. Giles's for that of Athens, and have even found myself tracing Bill Gibbons and his Bull in the "*taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo*," of Virgil. My printer, too, has been affected with similar hallucinations. The *Mil. Glorios.* of Plautus he converted, the other day, into a *Glorious Mill;* and more than once, when I have referred to *Tom. prim.* or *Tom. quart.* he has substituted Tom Crib and Tom Oliver in their places. Notwithstanding all this,

* The residence of the Nonpareil, Jack Randall,—where, the day after his last great victory, he held a levee, which was attended, of course, by all the leading characters of St. Giles's.

the work will be found, I trust, tolerably correct; and as an Analysis of its opening Chapters may not only gratify the impatience of the *Fanciful* World, but save my future reviewers some trouble, it is here given as succinctly as possible.

Chap. 1. contains some account of the ancient inventors of pugilism, Epëus and Amycus.—The early exploit of the former, in *milling* his twin-brother, *in ventre matris,* and so getting before him into the world, as related by Eustathius on the authority of Lycophron.—Amycus, a Royal Amateur of THE FANCY, who challenged to *the scratch* all strangers that landed on his shore.—The Combat between him and Pollux (who, to use the classic phrase, *served* him *out*), as described by Theocritus, * Apollonius Rhodius, † and Valerius Flaccus. § — Respective merits of these three descriptions.—Theocritus by far the best; and altogether, perhaps, the most scientific account of a Boxing-match in all antiquity.—

* Idyl. 22.
† Argonaut. lib. 2.
§ Lib. 4.

Apollonius ought to have done better, with such a model before him; but, evidently not *up to* the thing (whatever Scaliger may say), and his similes all *slum.* *—Valerius Flaccus, the first Latin Epic Poet after Virgil, has done ample justice to this *Set-to;* the *feints, facers,* † and *ribbers,* all described most spiritedly.

Chap. 2. proves that the Pancratium of the ancients, as combining boxing and wrestling, was the branch of their Gymnastics that most resembled our modern Pugilism; *cross-buttocking*

* Except one, *βυτυπος οἱα*, which is good, and which Fawkes, therefore, has omitted. The following couplet from his translation is, however, *fanciful* enough:—

"So from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes sprung,
Their dash'd teeth crackled and their jaw-bones rung."

† Emicat hic, *dextramque* parat, *dextramque* minatur
Tyndarides; redit huc oculis et pondere Bebryx
Sic ratus: ille autem celeri *rapit ora sinistrâ.*
Lib. 4. v. 290.

We have here a *feint* and a *facer* together. The manner in which Valerius Flaccus describes the multitude of *black*-guards that usually assemble on such occasions, is highly poetical and picturesque; he supposes them to be Shades from Tartarus:—

Et pater orantes cæsorum Tartarus *umbras*
Nube cavâ tandem ad meritæ spectacula pugnæ
Emittit; summi *nigrescunt* culmina montis. V. 258.

(or what the Greeks called ὑποσκελιζειν) being as indispensable an ingredient as *nobbing*, *flooring*, etc. etc.—Their ideas of a *stand-up fight* very similar to our own, as appears from the το παιειν αλληλους ΟΡΘΟΣΤΑΔΗΝ of Lucian,—περι Γυμνας.

Chap. 3. examines the ancient terms of THE FANCY, as given by Pollux (*Onomast. ad fin. lib.* 3.) and others; and compares them with the modern.—For example, αγχειν, to *throttle*—λυγιζειν, evidently the origin of our word to *lug*—αγκυριζειν, to *anchor* a fellow (see Grose's *Greek* Dictionary, for the word *anchor*)—δρασσειν (perf. pass. δεδραγμαι), from which is derived to *drag*; and whence, also, a *flash* etymologist might contrive to derive δραμα, *drama*, Thespis having first performed in a *drag*.* This chapter will be found highly curious; and distinguished, I flatter myself, by much of that acuteness which enabled a late illustrious Professor to discover that our English "Son of a Gun" was nothing more than the Παις Γυνης (Dor.) of the Greeks.

* The Flash term for a *cart*.

Chap. 4. enumerates the many celebrated Boxers of antiquity.—Eryx (grandson of the Amycus already mentioned), whom Hercules is said to have *finished* in style.—Phrynon, the Athenian General, and Autolycus, of whom, Pausanias tells us, there was a statue in the Prytaneum—The celebrated Pugilist, who, at the very moment he was expiring, had game enough to make his adversary *give in;* which interesting circumstance forms the subject of one of the Pictures of Philostratus, *Icon. lib.* 2. *imag.* 6.—and above all, that renowned Son of the Fancy, Melancomas, the favourite of the Emperor Titus, in whose praise Dio Chrysostomus has left us two elaborate orations.*—The peculiarities of this boxer discussed—his power of standing with his arms extended for two whole days, without any rest (δυνατος ην, says Dio, και δυο ἡμερας ἑξης μενειν ανατετακως τας χειρας, και ουκ αν ειδεν ουδεις ὑφεντα αυτον η αναπαυσαμενον ὡσπερ ειωθασι. *Orat.* 28), by which means he wore out his ad-

* The following words, in which Dio so decidedly prefers the art of the Boxer to that of the Soldier, would perhaps have been a still more significant motto to Mr. Crib's Memorial than that which I have chosen from Plato: Και καθολου δε εγωγε τουτο της εν τοις πολεμοις αρετης προκρινω.

versary's *bottom*, and conquered without either *giving* or *taking*. This bloodless system of *milling*, which trusted for victory to patience alone, has afforded to the orator, Themistius, a happy illustration of the peaceful conquests which he attributes to the Emperor Valens.*

Chap. 5. notices some curious points of similarity between the ancient and modern FANCY.—Thus, Theocritus, in his Milling-match, calls Amycus "a *glutton*," which is well known to be the classical phrase at Moulsey-Hurst, for one who, like Amycus, takes a deal of *punishment* before he is *satisfied*.

Πως γαρ δη Διος υιος ΑΔΗΦΑΓΟΝ ανδρα καθιλεν.

In the same Idyl the poet describes the Bebrycian hero as πληγαις μεθυων, "drunk with blows," which is precisely the language of our Fancy

* Ην τις επι των προγονων των ημετερων πυκτης ανηρ, Μιλαγκομας ονομα αυτω . . . . . ουτος ουδενα πωποτε τρωσας, ουδε παλαξας, μονη τη φασει και τη των χειρων ανελασει παντας απεκναισε τους αντιπαλους.—THEMIST. *Orat. περι Ειρηνης.*

bulletins; for example, "Turner appeared as if drunk, and made a heavy lolloping hit,"* etc. etc. —The resemblance in the *manner* of fighting still more striking and important. Thus we find CRIB's favourite system of *milling on the retreat,* which he practised so successfully in his combats with Gregson and Molyneux, adopted by Alcidamus, the Spartan, in the battle between him and Capaneus, so minutely and vividly described by Statius, *Thebaid, lib.* 6.

> . . . . . sed non, tamen, immemor artis,
> Adversus fugit, et *fugiens tamen ictibus obstat.*†

And it will be only necessary to compare together two extracts from Boxiana and the Bard of Syracuse, to see how similar in their manœuvres have been the *millers* of all ages—"The Man of Colour, to prevent being *fibbed*, grasped tight hold of Carter's hand"§—(Account of the Fight

* Kent's Weekly Dispatch.

† Yet, not unmindful of his art, he hies,
But turns his face, and combats as he flies.
LEWIS.

§ A manœuvre, generally called *Tom Owen's stop.*

between Robinson the Black and Carter), which, (translating λιλαιομενος, "the Lily-white,"*) is almost word for word with the following:

Ητοι ὀγε ρεξαι τι λιλαιομενος μεγα εργον
Σκαιη μεν σκαιην Πολυδευκεος ελλαβε χειρα.
THEOCRIT.

Chap. 6. proves, from the *jawing*-match and *Set-to* between Ulysses and the Beggar in the 18th Book of the Odyssey, that the ancients (notwithstanding their δικαια μαχοντων, or Laws of Combatants, which, Artemidorus says in his chap. 33. περι Μονομαχ. extended to pugilism as well as other kinds of combats) did not properly understand *fair play;* as Ulysses is here obliged to require an oath from the standers-by, that they will not *deal* him a *sly knock*, while he is *cleaning out* the *mumper*—

Μη τις επ' Ιρῳ ηρα φερων εμε χειρι παχειη
Πληξη αλασθαλλων, τυλῳ δε μι ιφι δαμασσῃ.

Chap. 7. describes the Cestus, and shows that the Greeks, for mere exercise or *sparring*, made

* The *Flash* term for a negro, and also for a chimney-sweeper.

use of *muffles* or *gloves*, as we do, which they called σφαιραι. This appears particularly from a passage in Plato, *de Leg. lib.* 8, where, speaking of *training*, he says, it is only by frequent use of the gloves that a knowledge of *stopping* and *hitting* can be acquired. The whole passage is curious, as proving that the Divine Plato was not altogether a *novice* in the *Fancy lay*.*—Και ὡς εγγυτατα του ὁμοιου, αντι ἱμαντων ΣΦΑΙΡΑΣ αν περιεδουμεθα, ὁπως ἁι ΠΛΗΓΑΙ τε καί ἁι ΤΩΝ ΠΛΗΓΩΝ ΕΥΛΑΒΕΙΑΙ διεμελετωντω εις τι δυνατον ἱκανως.—These *muffles* were called by the Romans *sacculi*, as we find from Trebellius Pollio, who, in describing a triumph of Gallienus, mentions the "Pugiles *sacculis* non veritate pugilantes."

* Another philosopher, Seneca, has shown himself equally *flash* on the subject, and, in his 13th Epistle, lays it down as an axiom, that no pugilist can be considered worth any thing, till he has had his *peepers taken measure of* for a *suit of mourning*, or, in common language, has received a pair of black eyes. The whole passage is edifying:—"Non potest athleta magnos spiritus ad certamen adferre, qui nunquam *sugillatus est*. Ille qui vidit sanguinem suum, cujus dentes crepuerunt sub pugno, ille qui supplantatus adversarium toto tulit corpore, nec projecit animum projectus, qui quoties cecidit contumacior resurrexit, cum magna spe descendit ad pugnam."

Chap. 8. adverts to the pugilistic exhibitions of the Spartan ladies, which Propertius has thus commemorated—

> Pulverulentaque ad extremos stat fœmina metas,
> Et patitur duro vulnera pancratio;
> Nunc ligat ad cæstum gaudentia brachia loris, etc. etc.
> Lib. 3. el. 14.

and, to prove that the moderns are not behindhand with the ancients in this respect, cites the following instance recorded in Boxiana:—"George Madox, in this battle, was seconded by his sister, Grace, who, upon its conclusion, tossed up her hat in defiance, and offered to fight any man present;"—also the memorable challenge, given in the same work (vol. i. p. 300), which passed between Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson of Clerkenwell, and Miss Hannah Hyfield of Newgate-Market—another proof that the English may boast many a "dolce guerriera" as well as the Greeks.

Chap. 9. contains Accounts of all the celebrated *Set-tos* of antiquity, translated from the works of the different authors that have described them,—viz. the famous Argonautic Battle, as detailed by the three poets mentioned in chap. 1.—the Fight

between Epëus and Euryalus, in the 23d Book of the Iliad, and between Ulysses and Irus in the 18th Book of the Odyssey—the Combat of Dares and Entellus in the 5th Æneid—of Capaneus and Alcidamus, already referred to, in Statius, and of Achelous and Hercules in the 9th Book of the Metamorphoses;—though this last is rather a wrestling-bout than a *mill,* resembling that between Hercules* and Antæus in the 4th Book of Lucan. The reader who is anxious to know how I have succeeded in this part of my task, will find, as a specimen, my translation from Virgil in the Appendix to the present work, No. 2.

Chap. 10. considers the various arguments for and against Pugilism, advanced by writers ancient

* Though wrestling was evidently the favourite sport of Hercules, we find him, in the Alcestes, just returned from a *Bruising-match;* and it is a curious proof of the superior consideration in which these arts were held, that for the lighter exercises, he tells us, horses alone were the reward, while to conquerors in the higher games of pugilism and wrestling, whole herds of cattle (with sometimes a young lady into the bargain) were given as prizes.

τοισι δ' αν τα μειζονα
Νικωσι, πυγμην και παλην, βουφορβια
Γυνη δ' επ' αυλοις ειπε τ'. EURIP.

and modern.—A strange instance of either ignorance or wilful falsehood in Lucian, who, in his Anacharsis, has represented Solon as one of the warmest advocates for Pugilism, whereas we know from Diogenes Laertius that that legislator took every possible pains to discourage and suppress it.—Alexander the Great, too, tasteless enough to prohibit THE FANCY (Plutarch *in Vit.*).—Galen in many parts of his works, but particularly in the *Hortat. ad Art.* condemns the practice as enervating and pernicious.*—On the other side, the testimonies in its favour, numerous.—The greater number of Pindar's Nemean Odes written in praise of pugilistic champions;—and Isocrates, though he represents Alcibiades as despising the art, yet acknowledges that its professors were held in high estimation through Greece, and that those cities, where victorious pugilists were born,

* It was remarked by the ancient physicians, that men who were in the habit of boxing and wrestling became remarkably lean and slender from the loins downward, while the upper parts of their frame acquired prodigious size and strength. I could name some pugilists of the present day whose persons seem to warrant the truth of this observation.

became illustrious from that circumstance;* just as Bristol has been rendered immortal by the production of such heroes as Tom Crib, Harry Harmer, Big Ben, Dutch Sam, etc. etc.—Ammianus Marcellinus tells us how much that religious and pugnacious Emperor, Constantius, delighted in the *Set-tos*, "pugilum† vicissim se concidentium perfusorumque sanguine."—To these are added still more flattering testimonies; such as that of Isidorus, who calls Pugilism "virtus," as if *par excellence;*§ and the yet more enthusiastic tribute with which Eustathius reproaches the Pagans, of having enrolled their Boxers in the number of the Gods.—In short, the whole chapter is full of erudition and *vus*;—from *Lyc*ophron (whose very name smacks of pugilism) down to Boxiana and

* Τυς τ' αθλητας ζηλωμενυς, και τας πολεις ενδοξυς γιγνομενας των νικωντων. ISOCRAT. περι του Ζευγους.—An oration written by Isocrates for the son of Alcibiades.

† Notwithstanding that the historian expressly says "pugilum," Lipsius is so anxious to press this circumstance into his Account of the Ancient Gladiators, that he insists such an effusion of *claret* could only have taken place in the gladiatorial combat. But Lipsius never was at Moulsey Hurst.—See his Saturnal. Sermon. lib. ii. cap. 2.

§ Origin. lib. xviii. c. 18.

the Weekly Dispatch, not an author on the subject is omitted.

So much for my "Parallel between Ancient and Modern Pugilism." And now with respect to that peculiar language, called *Flash*, or *St. Giles's Greek*, in which Mr. CRIB's Memorial and the other articles in the present volume are written, I beg to trouble the reader with a few observations. As this expressive language was originally invented, and is still used, like the cipher of the diplomatists, for purposes of secrecy, and as a means of eluding the vigilance of a certain class of persons, called, *flashicè, Traps*, or, in common language, Bow-street-Officers, it is subject of course to continual change, and is perpetually either altering the meaning of old words, or adding new ones, according as the great object, secrecy, renders it prudent to have recourse to such innovations. In this respect, also, it resembles the cryptography of kings and ambassadors, who by a continual change of cipher contrive to baffle the inquisitiveness of the *enemy*. But, notwithstanding the Protean nature of the *Flash* or *Cant* language, the greater

part of its vocabulary has remained unchanged for centuries, and many of the words used by the Canting Beggars in Beaumont and Fletcher,* and the Gipsies in Ben Jonson's Masque,† are still to be heard among the *Gnostics* of Dyot-street and Tothill-fields. To *prig* is still to steal; § to *fib*, to beat; *lour*, money; *duds*, clothes; ** *prancers*, horses; *bouzing-ken*, an alehouse; *cove*, a fellow; a *sow's baby*, a pig; etc. etc. There are also several instances of the same term, preserved with a totally different signification. Thus, to *mill*, which was originally "to rob,"†† is now "to beat

* In their amusing comedy of "The Beggar's Bush."

† The Masque of the Gipsies Metamorphosed.—The Gipsy language, indeed, with the exception of such terms as relate to their own peculiar customs, differs but little from the regular Flash; as may be seen by consulting the Vocabulary subjoined to the Life of Bamfylde-Moor Carew.

§ See the third chapter, 1st book of the History of Jonathan Wild, for an "undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of *Priggism*."

** An *angler* for *duds* is thus described by Dekker:—"He carries a short staff in his hand, which is called a *filch*, having in the *nab*, or head of it, a *ferme* (that is to say a hole), into which, upon any piece of service, when he goes a *filching*, he putteth a hooke of iron, with which hooke he angles at a window in the dead of night for shirts, smockes, or any other linen or woollen."—*English Villanies*.

†† "Can they *cant* or *mill*? are they masters in their art?"

or fight;" and the word *rum*, which in Ben Jonson's time, and even so late as Grose, meant *fine* and *good*, is now generally used for the very opposite qualities; as, "he's but a *rum* one," etc. Most of the Cant phrases in Head's English Rogue, which was published, I believe, in 1666, would be intelligible to a *Greek* of the present day; though it must be confessed that the Songs which both he and Dekker have given would puzzle even that "Graiæ gentis decus," Caleb Baldwin himself. For instance, one of the simplest begins,

Bing out, bien Morts, and toure and toure,
Bing out, bien Morts, and toure;
For all your duds are bing'd awast;
The bien Cove hath the loure.

To the cultivation, in our times, of the science of Pugilism, the *Flash* language is indebted for a considerable addition to its treasures. Indeed, so impossible is it to describe the operations of THE FANCY without words of proportionate energy to do justice to the subject, that we find Pope and Cowper, in their translation of the *Set-to* in the Iliad, pressing words into the service which had

—Ben Jonson. To *mill*, however, sometimes signified "to kill." Thus, to *mill a bleating cheat*, i. e. to kill a sheep.

seldom, I think, if ever, been enlisted into the ranks of poetry before. Thus Pope,

> Secure this hand shall his whole frame confound,
> *Mash* all his bones and all his body *pound*.

Cowper, in the same manner, translates κοψε δε . . . . . παρηιον, "*pash'd* him on the cheek;" and, in describing the wrestling-match, makes use of a term, now more properly applied to a peculiar kind of blow, * of which Mendoza is supposed to have been the inventor.

> Then his wiles
> Forgat not he, but on the ham behind
> *Chopp'd* him.

Before I conclude this Preface, which has already I fear extended to an unconscionable length, I cannot help expressing my regret at the selection which Mr. CRIB has made of *one* of the Combatants introduced into the imaginary *Set-to* that follows. That person has already been exhibited, perhaps,

* "A *chopper* is a blow, struck on the face with the back of the hand. Mendoza claims the honour of its invention, but unjustly; he certainly revived, and considerably improved it. It was practised long before our time—Broughton occasionally used it; and Slack, it also appears, struck the *chopper* in giving the return in many of his battles."—*Boxiana*, vol. ii. p. 20.

"usque *ad nauseam*," before the Public; and, without entering into the propriety of meddling with such a personage at all, it is certain that, as a mere matter of *taste*, he ought now to be let alone. All that can be alleged for Mr. CRIB is—what Rabelais has said in defending the moral notions of another kind of cattle—he "knows no better." But for myself, in my editorial capacity, I take this opportunity of declaring, that, as far as *I* am concerned, the person in question shall henceforward be safe and inviolate; and, as the Covent-Garden Managers said, when they withdrew their much-hissed Elephant, *this is positively the last time of his appearing on the Stage.*

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL

TO

CONGRESS.

Most Holy, and High, and Legitimate *squad*,
First *Swells** of the world, since *Boney's in quod*, †
Who have every thing now, as *Bill Gibbons* would say,
"Like the bull in the china shop, all your own way"—
Whatsoever employs your magnificent *nobs*, §
Whether *diddling* your subjects, and *gutting* their *fobs* **
(While you *hum* the poor *spoonies* †† with speeches, so pretty,
'Bout Freedom, and Order, and—*all my eye, Betty*)—

* *Swell*, a great man.
† In prison. The *dab*'s in *quod*; the rogue is in prison.
§ Heads.
** Taking out the contents. Thus, *gutting* a quart pot (or *taking out the lining* of it), i. e. drinking it off.
†† Simpletons, alias *Innocents*.

Whether praying, or dressing, or *dancing* the *hays*,
Or *lapping* your *congo* * at Lord C–STL–R—GH'S†
(While his Lordship, as usual, that very great *dab* §
At the flowers of rhet'ric, is *flashing* his *gab* **)—
Or holding State Dinners, to talk of the weather,
And cut up your mutton and Europe together!
Whatever your *gammon*, whatever your talk,
Oh deign, ye illustrious *Cocks of the Walk*,
To attend for a moment,—and if the Fine Arts
Of *fibbing* †† and *boring* †† be dear to your hearts;
If to *level*,†† to *punish*,†† to *ruffian* †† mankind,
And to *darken* their *daylights*, §§ be pleasures refined
(As they *must* be) for every Legitimate mind,—
Oh listen to one, who, both able and willing
To spread through creation the mysteries of *milling*
(And, as to whose politics, search the world round,
Not a sturdier *Pit-tite* *** e'er lived under ground),

* Drinking your tea.

† See the Appendix, No. 3. § An adept.

** Showing off his talk.—Better expressed, perhaps, by a late wit, who, upon being asked what was going on in the House of Commons, answered, "only Lord C. *airing his vocabulary*."

†† All terms of the Fancy, and familiar to those who read the Transactions of the Pugilistic Society.

§§ To close up their eyes—alias, to *sow up* their *sees*.

*** Tom received his first education in a coal-pit; from whence he has been honoured with the name of "the Black Diamond."

Has thought of a plan, which—excuse his presumption—
He hereby submits to your Royal *rumgumption*.*

It being now settled that emperors and kings,
Like kites made of *foolscap*, are *high-flying* things,
To whose tails a few millions of subjects, or so,
Have been tied in a string, to be whisk'd to and fro,
Just wherever it suits the said *foolscap* to go—
This being all settled, and freedom all *gammon*,†
And nought but your honours worth wasting a d—n on;
While snug and secure you may now *run* your *rigs*, §
Without fear that old Boney will *bother* your *gigs*—
As your Honours, too, bless you! though all *of a trade*,
Yet agreeing like *new ones*, have lately been made
Special constables o'er us, for keeping the peace,—
Let us hope now that wars and *rumbustions* will cease;
That soldiers and guns, like "the Devil and his works,"
Will henceforward be left to Jews, Negers, and Turks;
Till *Brown Bess*** shall soon, like Miss Tabitha Fust,
For want of a *spark* to *go off with*, grow rusty,

* *Gumption*, or *Rumgumption*, comprehension, capacity.
† Nonsense or humbug.
§ Play your tricks. ** A soldier's fire-lock.

And *lobsters** will lie such a drug upon hand,
That our *do-nothing* Captains must all get *japann'd!* †
My eyes, how delightful!—the rabble well *gagg'd*,
The *Swells* in *high feather*, and old Boney *lagg'd!* §

But, though we must hope for such good times as these,
Yet as something *may* happen to *kick up a breeze*—
Some quarrel, reserved for your own *private picking*—
Some grudge, even now in your great gizzards sticking
(God knows about what—about money, mayhap,
Or the Papists, or Dutch, or that *Kid*,** Master Nap)—
And, setting in case there should come such a *rumpus*,
As *some* mode of *settling the chat* we must compass,

* Soldiers, from the colour of their clothes. "*To boil one's lobster* means for a churchman to turn soldier; lobsters, which are of a bluish black, being made red by boiling."—*Grose*. Butler's ingenious simile will occur to the reader:—

When, like a lobster boil'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn.

† Ordained—i. e. become clergymen.

§ Transported.

** Child.—Hence our useful word, kidnapper—to *nab a kid* being to steal a child. Indeed, we need but recollect the many excellent and necessary words to which Johnson has affixed the stigma of "cant term," to be aware how considerably the English language has been enriched by the contributions of the Flash fraternity.

With which the *tag-rag* * will have nothing to do—
What think you, great *Swells*, of a ROYAL SET-TO? †
A *Ring* and fair *fist-work* at Aix-la-Chapelle,
Or at old Moulsey-Hurst, if you likes it as well—
And that all may be *fair* as to *wind*, *weight*, and *science*,
I'll answer to train the whole HOLY ALLIANCE!

Just think, please your Majesties, how you'd prefer it
To *mills* such as Waterloo, where all the merit
To vulgar red-coated *rapscallions* must fall,
Who have no Right Divine to have merit at all!
How much more select your own quiet *Set-tos!*—
And how vastly genteeler 'twill sound in the news,
(*Kent's Weekly Dispatch*, that beats all others hollow
For *Fancy* transactions), in terms such as follow:—

ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND SET-TO BETWEEN LONG SANDY AND GEORGY THE PORPUS.

LAST Tuesday, at Moulsey, the Balance of Power
Was settled by Twelve *Tightish* Rounds, in an hour—

* The common people, the mobility.
† A boxing-match.

The *Buffers*,* both "Boys of the *Holy Ground*,"—†
Long Sandy, by name of *the Bear* much renown'd,
And Georgy the *Porpus*, *prime glutton* reckon'd—
Old *thingummee* Pottso § was Long Sandy's second,
And Georgy's was *Pat* C—stl—r—gh,—he who lives
At the sign of *the King's Arms a-kimbo*, and gives
His *small* beer about, with the air of a *chap*
Who believed it himself a prodigious *strong tap*.

This being the first true Legitimate *Match*
Since Tom took to *training* these *Swells* for the *scratch*
Every *lover of life*, that had *rhino* to spare,
From sly little Moses to B—r—g, was there.

* Boxers—Irish cant.

† The hitch in the metre here was rendered necessary by the quotation, which is from a celebrated *Fancy chant*, ending, every verse, thus:—

> For we are the boys of the *Holy Ground*,
> And we'll dance upon nothing, and turn us round!

It is almost needless to add, that the *Holy Ground*, or *Land*, is a well-known region of St. Giles's.

§ Tom means, I presume, the celebrated diplomatist, Pozzo di Borgo.—The Irish used to claim the dancer Didelot as their countryman, insisting that the O had slipped out of its right place, and that his real name was Mr. O'Diddle. On the same principle they will, perhaps, assert their right to M. Pozzo.

Never since the renown'd days of BROUGHTON and FIGG *
Was the *Fanciful World* in such very *prime twig*—†
And long before daylight, gigs, *rattlers*, § and *prads*, **
Were in motion for Moulsey, brimful of *the Lads*.
JACK ELD—N, Old SID, and some more, had come down
On the evening before, and put up at *The Crown*,—
Their old favourite sign, where themselves and their brothers
Get *grub* †† at cheap rate, though it *fleeces* all others;
Nor matters it how we plebeians condemn,
As *The Crown's* always sure of its *license* from them.

'Twas diverting to see, as one *ogled* around,
How *Corinthians* §§ and *Commoners* mixed on the ground.
Here M—NTR—SE and an Israelite met face to face,
The Duke, a place-hunter—the Jew, from Duke's Place;
While NICKY V—NS—TT—T, not caring to roam,
Got among the *white-bag-men*, *** and felt quite *at home*.
Here stood in a corner, well screen'd from the weather,
Old SID and the great Doctor EADY together,

* The chief founders of the modern school of pugilism.
† High spirits or condition.
§ Coaches. ** Horses. †† Victuals.
§§ Men of rank—vide Boxiana, *passim*.
*** Pick-pockets.

Both famed *on the walls*—with a d—n, in addition,
Prefix'd to the name of the *former* Physician.
Here C—MD—N, who never till now was suspected
Of *Fancy*, or aught that is therewith connected,
Got close to a *dealer in donkies*, who eyed him,
Jack Scroggins remark'd, "just as if he'd have *buy'*
him;"
While poor *Bogy* B—CK—GH—M well might look pale
As there stood a great *Rat-catcher* close to his tail!

'Mong the vehicles, too, which were many and various
From *natty barouche* down to *buggy precarious*,
We *twigg'd* more than one *queerish* sort of *turn-out;*—
C—NN—G came in a *job*, and then canter'd about
On a showy, but hot and unsound, *bit of blood*,
(For a *leader* once meant, but cast off, as not good)
Looking round to secure a *snug place* if he could:—
While ELD—N, long doubting between a *grey* nag
And a *white* one to mount, took his stand in a *drag*.*

At a quarter past ten, by Pat C—STL—R—GH's *tattler*,†
CRIB came on the ground in a four-in-hand *rattler*

* A cart or waggon.
† A watch.

(For Tom, since he took to these Holy Allies,
Is as *tip-top* a *beau* as all Bond-street supplies);
And, on seeing the Champion, loud cries of "Fight, fight,"
"Ring, ring," "Whip the Gemmen," were heard left and right.
But the *kids*, though impatient, were doom'd to delay,
As the old P. C.* ropes (which are *now* mark'd H. A.†)
Being hack'd in the service, it seems had given way;
And, as rope is an article much *up* in price
Since the Bank took to hanging, the lads had to *splice*.

At length, the two *Swells* having enter'd the Ring,
To the *tune the cow died of*, called "God save the King,"
Each threw up his *castor*§ 'mid general huzzas—
And, if *dressing* would do, never yet, since the days
When Humphries *stood up to* the Israelite's *thumps*,
In gold-spangled stockings and *touch-me-not* pumps,**

* The ropes and stakes used at the prize-fights, being the property of the Pugilistic Club, are marked with the initials P. C.

† For "Holy Alliance."

§ Hat.

** "The fine manly form of Humphries was seen to great advantage; he had on a pair of fine flannel drawers, white silk stockings, the clocks of which were spangled with gold, and

Has there any thing equall'd the *fal-lals* and tricks
That bedizen'd old GEORGY's *bang-up tog and kicks!**
Having first shaken *daddles*† (to show, JACKSON said,
It was "pro bono *Pimlico*" § chiefly they bled)
Both *peel'd***—but, on laying his *Dandy-belt* by,
Old GEORGY *went floush*, and his *backers* look'd *shy;*
For they saw, notwithstanding CRIB's honest endeavou
To *train down* the *crummy*,†† 'twas monstrous a
ever!
Not so with LONG SANDY—*prime meat* every inch—
Which, of course, made the *Gnostics* §§ on t'other sid
flinch;

pamps tied with ribbon."—(Account of the First Battle between Humphries and Mendoza.)—The epistle which Humphries wrote to a friend, communicating the result of this fight, is worthy of a Lacedæmonian.—"Sir, I have *done* the Jew, and am in good health. Rich. Humphries."

* *Tog* and *kicks*, coat and breeches.—*Tog* is one of the cant words which Dekker cites, as "retaining a certain salt and tasting of some wit and learning," being derived from the Latin *toga*.

† Hands.

§ Mr. Jackson's residence is in Pimlico.—This gentleman (as he well deserves to be called, from the correctness of his conduct and the peculiar urbanity of his manners) forms that useful link between the amateurs and the professors of pugilism, which, when broken, it will be difficult, if not wholly impossible, to replace.

** Stripped. †† Fat. §§ Knowing ones.

And Bob W—ls—n from Southwark, the *gamest* chap there,
Was now heard to *sing out*, "Ten to one on the Bear!"

First Round. Very cautious—the *kiddies* both *sparr'd*
As if *shy* of the *scratch*—while the Porpus kept guard
O'er his beautiful *mug*,* as if fearing to hazard
One *damaging* touch in so dandy a *mazzard*.
Which t'other observing *put in* his One-Two †
Between Georgy's left ribs, with a knuckle so true,
That had his heart lain *in the right place*, no doubt
But the Bear's *double-knock* would have rummaged it out—
As it *was*, Master Georgy came *souse* with the whack,
And there sprawl'd, like a turtle turn'd *queer* on its back.

Second Round. Rather sprightly—the Bear, in *high gig*,
Took a fancy to *flirt with* the Porpus's wig;
And, had it been either a loose tie or *bob*,
He'd have *claw'd* it *clean* off, but 'twas glued to his *nob*.

* Face.

† Two blows succeeding each other rapidly.—Thus (speaking of Randall) "his one-two are put in with the sharpness of lightning."

So he *tipp'd* him a *settler* they call "a Spoil-Dandy"
Full plump in the whisker.—*High betting on Sandy.*

THIRD ROUND. Somewhat slack—GEORGY tried to *make play*,
But his own *victualling-office* * stood much in the way;
While SANDY's long arms—long enough for a *douse*
All the way from Kamschatka to Johnny Groat's House—
Kept *paddling* about the poor Porpus's *muns*, †
Till they made him as *hot* and as *cross* as *Lent* buns! §

FOURTH ROUND. GEORGY's *backers* look'd blank at the lad,
When they saw what a *rum knack* of *shifting* ** he had—
An old *trick of his youth*—but the Bear, *up* to *slum*, ††
Follow'd close on my gentleman, kneading his *crum*
As expertly as any *Dead Man* §§ about town,
All the way to the ropes—where, as GEORGY went down,

* The stomach or paunch. † Mouth. § Hot cross buns.

** "Some have censured shifting as an unmanly custom."—*Boxiana.*

†† Humbug or *gammon.*

§§ *Dead men* are Bakers—so called from the loaves falsely charged to their master's customers. The following is from an

SANDY *tipp'd* him a *dose* of that kind, that, when *taken*,
It isn't the *stuff*, but the *patient* that's *shaken*.

FIFTH ROUND. GEORGY tried for his *customer's* head—
(The part of LONG SANDY that's *softest*, 'tis said;
And the chat is that NAP, when he had him in tow,
Found his *knowledge-box** always the first thing to *go*)—
Neat *milling* this Round—what with *clouts* on the *nob*,
Home hits in the *bread-basket*, † *clicks* in the *gob*, §
And *plumps* in the *daylights*,** a prettier treat
Between two *Johnny Raws* †† 'tis not easy to meet.

SIXTH ROUND. GEORGY's friends in high flourish, and hopes;
JACK ELD—N, with others, came close to the ropes—

Account of the Battle fought by Nosworthy, the Baker, with Martin, the Jew:

"First round. Nosworthy, on the alert, planted a tremendous hit on Martin's mouth, which not only drawed forth a profusion of *claret*, but he went down.—Loud shouting from the *Dead Men!*

"Second Round. Nosworthy began to serve the Jew in style, and his hits told most tremendously. Martin made a good round of it, but fell rather distressed. The *Dead Men* now opened their mouths wide, and loudly offered six to four on the *Master of the Rolls*."

* The head. † The stomach. § The mouth.
** The eyes. †† Novices.

And when GEORGY, one time, *got the head* of the Bear
*Into Chancery,** ELD—N sung out "KEEP him there;"
But the *cull* broke away, as he would from *Lob's pound*,†
And, after a *rum* sort of *ruffianing* Round,
Like *cronies* they *hugg'd*, and came *smack* to the ground;
Poor SANDY the undermost, smother'd and spread
Like a German tuck'd under his huge feather bed!§
All pitied the *patient*—and loud exclamations,
"*My eyes!*" and "*my wig!*" spoke the general sensations—
'Twas thought SANDY'S soul was squeezed out of his *corpus*,
So heavy the crush.—*Two to one on the Porpus!*

Nota bene:—'Twas curious to see all the pigeons
Sent off by Jews, Flashmen, and *other* religions,

* Getting the head under the arm, for the purpose of *fibbing*.

† A prison.—See Dr. Grey's explanation of this phrase in his notes upon Hudibras.

§ The Germans sleep between two beds; and it is related that an Irish traveller, upon finding a feather bed thus laid over him, took it into his head that the people slept in *strata*, one upon the other, and said to the attendant, "will you be good enough to tell the gentleman or lady that is to lie over me, to make haste, as I want to go asleep?"

To *office*,* with all due dispatch, through the air,
To the *Bulls* of the Alley the fate of the Bear
(For in these *Fancy* times, 'tis your *hits* in the *muns*,
And your *choppers*, and *floorers*, that govern the Funds)—
And Consols, which had been all day *shy* enough,
When 'twas known in the Alley that *Old Blue and Buff*
Had been down on the Bear, rose at once—*up to snuff!*†

Seventh Round. Though *hot-press'd*, and as flat as a crumpet,
Long Sandy show'd *game* again, scorning to *rump* it;
And, fixing his eye on the Porpus's *snout*,§
Which he knew that Adonis felt *peery*** about,
By a *feint*, truly elegant, tipp'd him a *punch* in
The critical place, where he *cupboards* his luncheon,
Which knock'd all the rich Curaçoa into *cruds*,
And *doubled* him *up*, like a bag of old *duds!*††
There he lay almost *frummagem'd*§§—every one said
'Twas *all Dicky with* Georgy, his *mug* hung so dead:

* To signify by letter.

† This phrase, denoting *elevation* of various kinds, is often rendered more emphatic by such adjuncts as "*Up to snuff and twopenny*."—"*Up to snuff, and a pinch above it*," etc. etc.

§ Nose.

** Suspicious.

†† Clothes.

§§ Choaked.

And 'twas only by calling "your wife, Sir, your wife!"
(As a man would cry "fire!") they could start him to life.
Up he rose in a *funk*,* *lapp'd a toothful* of brandy,
And *to it* again.—*Any odds* upon SANDY.

EIGHTH ROUND. SANDY work'd like a first-rate *demolisher:*
Bear as he is, yet his *lick* is no *polisher;*
And, take him at *ruffianing* work (though in common, he
Hums about Peace and *all that*, like a *Domine*)†
SANDY's the boy, if once to it they fall,
That will *play up old gooseberry* soon with them all.
This Round was but short—after humouring awhile,
He proceeded to *serve* an *ejectment*, in style,
Upon GEORGY's front *grinders*,§ which *damaged* his smile

* Fright.

† A Parson.—Thus in that truly classical song the Christening of Little Joey:

"When *Domine* had named the *Kid*,
Then home again they *piked* it;
A *flash of lightning* was prepared
For every one that liked it."

§ Teeth.

So completely, that bets ran a hundred to ten
The Adonis would ne'er *flash his ivory** again—
And 'twas pretty to see him *roll'd* round with the shock,
Like a cask of fresh blubber in old Greenland Dock!

NINTH ROUND. One of GEORGY's bright *ogles* † was put
On the *bankruptcy list,* with its shop-windows *shut;*
While the *other* soon made quite as *tag-rag* a show,
All *rimm'd* round with *black*, like the *Courier* in *woe!*
Much alarm was now seen 'mong the Israelite *Kids,*
And B—R—G,—the *devil's own boy* for the *quids,*§—
Dispatch'd off a pigeon (the species, no doubt,
That they call B—R—G's *stock*-dove) with word "to sell out."

From this to the finish 'twas all *fiddle faddle*—
Poor GEORGY, at last, could scarce hold up his *daddle*—
With *grinders* dislodged and with *peepers* both *poach'd,***
'Twas not till the Tenth Round his *claret* †† was *broach'd:*

* Show his teeth. † Eyes. § Money.
** French cant; Les yeux *pochés au beurre noir.*—See the *Dictionnaire Comique.*
†† Blood.

As the *cellarage* lay so deep down in the fat,
Like his old M——a's purse, 'twas cursed hard to *get at*.
But a *pelt* in the *smellers* * (too pretty to shun,
If the lad even *could*) set it going *like fun;*
And this being the first Royal *Claret* let flow,
Since Tom *took* the Holy Alliance *in tow*,
The *uncorking* produced much sensation about,
As *bets* had been *flush* on the first *painted snout*.
Nota bene.—A note was wing'd off to the *Square*,
Just to hint of this awful phlebotomy there;—
Bob Gregson, whose wit at such things is exceeding,†
Inclosing a large sprig of "*Love lies a bleeding!*"

In short, not to dwell on each *facer* and *fall*,
Poor Georgy was *done up* in *no time at all*,
And his *spunkiest* backers were forced to *sing small*. §
In vain did they try to *fig up* the old lad,
'Twas like using *persuaders* ** upon a dead *prad*;††
In vain *Bogy* §§ B—ck—gh—m fondly besought him,

* The nose.

† Some specimens of Mr. Gregson's lyrical talents are given in the Appendix, No. 4.

§ To be humbled or abashed. ** Spurs. †† Horse.

§§ For the meaning of this term, see Grose.

To show like himself, if not *game*, at least *bottom;*
While M—RL—Y, that *very* great Count, stood deploring
He hadn't taught GEORGY his new modes of *boring:* *
All useless—no art can *transmogrify* truth—
It was plain the *conceit* was *mill'd out of* the youth.
In the Twelfth and Last Round SANDY fetch'd him a *downer*,
That left him all's one as *cold meat* for the *Crowner;* †
On which the whole populace *flash'd* the *white grin*
Like a basket of chips, and poor GEORGY *gave in:* §
While the fiddlers (old POTTS having *tipp'd* them a *bandy*)**
Play'd "Green grow the *rushes*," †† in honour of SANDY!

* "The ponderosity of Crib, when in close quarters with his opponent, evidently *bored* in upon him," etc.

† The Coroner.

§ The *ancient* Greeks had a phrase of similar structure, *ενδιδωμι, cedo.*

** A *bandy* or *cripple*, a sixpence; "that piece being commonly much bent and distorted."—GROSE.

†† The well-known compliment paid to the Emperor of all the *Russias* by some Irish musicians.

Now, what say your Majesties?—isn't this *prime?*
Was there ever French Bulletin half so sublime?
Or could old NAP himself, in his glory, * have wish'd
To *show up* a fat *Gemman* more handsomely *dish'd?*—
Oh, bless your great hearts, let them say what they will,
Nothing's half so *genteel* as a *regular Mill;*
And, for *settling* of *balances*, all I know is,
'Tis the way CALEB BALDWIN *prefers* settling *his.* †
As for *backers*, you've lots of *Big-wigs* about Court,
That will *back* you—the *raff* being tired of that sport,—
And if *quids* should be wanting to make the match good,
There's B—R—NG, the Prince of *Rag Rhino*, who stood

* See Appendix, No. 5.

† A trifling instance of which is recorded in Boxiana:—"A *fracas* occurred between *Caleb Baldwin* and the keepers of the gate. The latter not immediately recognizing the *veteran of the ring*, refused his vehicle admittance without the usual *tip;* but Caleb, finding *argufying the topic* would not do, instead of paying them in the *new coinage*, dealt out another sort of *currency*, and, although destitute of the W. W. P. it had such an instantaneous effect upon the *Johnny Raws*, that the gate flew open, and *Caleb* rode through in triumph."

(T'other day, you know) bail for the *seedy** Right Liners;
Who knows but, if coax'd, he may *shell out* the *shiners?*†
The *shiners!* Lord, Lord, what a *bounce* do I say!
As if we could hope to have *rags* done away,
Or see *any* thing *shining*, while VAN has the sway!

As to *training*, a Court's but a *rum* sort of station
To choose for that sober and chaste operation; §
For, as old IKEY PIG ** said of Courts, "by de heavens,
Dey're all, but the *Fives* Court, at *sixes* and *sevens*."
What with *snoozing*,†† high *grubbing*,§§ and *guzzling*
like Cloe,
Your Majesties, pardon me, all get so *doughy*,
That take the whole *kit*, down from SANDY the Bear
To him who makes *duds* for the Virgin to wear,
I'd choose but JACK SCROGGINS, and feel disappointed
If JACK did'nt *tell out* the whole Lord's Anointed!

* Poor. † Produce the guineas.

§ The extreme rigour, in these respects, of the ancient system of training, may be inferred from the instances mentioned by Ælian. Not only pugilists, but even players on the harp, were, during the time of their probation, *συνουσιας αμαθεις και απειροι*.—*De Animal.* lib. 6. cap. 1.

** A Jew, so nick-named—one of the *Big ones*. He was beaten by Crib, on Blackheath, in the year 1805.

†† Sleeping. §§ Feeding.

But, barring these nat'ral defects (which, I feel,
My remarking on thus may be thought *ungenteel*),
And allowing for delicate *fams*, * which have merely
Been handling the sceptre, and *that*, too, but *queerly*,
I'm not without hopes, and would *stand* a *tight* bet,
That I'll make something *game* of your Majesties yet.
So, say but the word—if you're *up* to the freak,
Let us have a prime *match* of it, *Greek* against *Greek*,
And I'll put you on *beef-steaks* and *sweating* next week—
While, for teaching you every perfection, that throws a
Renown upon *milling*—the *tact* of MENDOZA—
The charm, by which HUMPHRIES† contrived to infuse
The *three Graces* themselves into all his *One-Two's*—
The *nobbers* of JOHNSON§—BIG BEN's** *banging brain-blows*—
The *weaving* of SAM,†† that turn'd faces to rainbows—

* *Fams* or *fambles*, hands.

† *Humphries* was called "The Gentleman Boxer." He was (says the author of Boxiana) remarkably graceful, and his attitudes were of the most elegant and impressive nature.

§ *Tom Johnson*, who, till his fight with Big Ben, was hailed as the Champion of England.

** *Ben Brain, alias* Big Ben, wore the honours of the Championship till his death.

†† *Dutch Sam*, a hero, of whom all the lovers of the Fancy speak, as the Swedes do of Charles the Twelfth, with tears in their eyes.

Old CORCORAN's *click*,* that laid *customers* flat—
PADDY RYAN *from Dublin's** renown'd "coup de *Pat*;"
And MY OWN *improved* method of *tickling a rib*,
You may always command

Your devoted

TOM CRIB.

* Celebrated Irish pugilists.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Account of a Grand Pugilistic Meeting, held at BELCHER'S (*Castle Tavern, Holborn*), TOM CRIB *in the Chair, to take into consideration the propriety of sending Representatives of the Fancy to Congress.—Extracted from a letter written on the occasion by* HARRY HARMER, *the Hammerer,* to* NED PAINTER.

Αλλ' υδωρ το KAN
Λειψει, ὡς αν
Τον ηχωδεα ακμον ΤΩΜ.†

* * * * * * *

LAST Friday night a *bang-up* set
Of *milling blades* at BELCHER'S met;

* So called in his double capacity of *Boxer* and *Coppersmith*.

† The passage in Pindar, from which the following lines

All high-bred Heroes of *the Ring*,
Whose very *gammon* would delight one;
Who, nursed beneath *The Fancy's* wing,
Show all her *feathers*—but the *white one*.

Brave Tom, the Champion, with an air
Almost *Corinthian*,* took the Chair;
And kept the *Coves* † in quiet tune,
By showing such a *fist* of *mutton*
As, on a Point of Order, soon
Would *take the shine* from Speaker Sutton.
And all the lads look'd gay and bright,
And *gin* and *genius* flash'd about,
And whosoe'er grew unpolite,
The well-bred Champion *served him out*.

of "Hark, the merry Christ Church Bells," are evidently borrowed:

The devil a man
Will leave his can,
Till he hears the *Mighty Tom*.

* *i. e.* With the air, almost, of a man of rank and fashion. Indeed, according to Horace's notions of a *peerage*, Tom's claims to it are indisputable:

——— illum superare pugnis
Nobilem.

† Fellows.

As we'd been summon'd thus, to quaff
Our *Deady* * o'er some State Affairs,
Of course we mix'd not with the *raff*,
But had the *Sunday room,* up stairs.
And when we well had *sluiced* our *gobs*, †
'Till all were in *prime twig* for *chatter*,
Tom rose, and to our learned *nobs*
Propounded thus th' important matter :—

" *Gemmen*," says he—Tom's words, you know,
Come like his *hitting*, strong but slow—
" Seeing as how those *Swells,* that made
" Old Boney quit the *hammering* trade
" (All prime Ones in their own conceit),
" Will shortly at the Congress meet—
" (Some place that's like the Finish, § lads,
" Where all your high pedestrian *pads*,
" That have been *up* and *out* all night,
" *Running* their *rigs* among the *rattlers*,**

* Deady's gin, otherwise, Deady's *brilliant stark naked.*

† Had drunk heartily.

§ A public-house in Covent-Garden, memorable as one of the places where the Gentlemen Depredators of the night (the Holy League of the Road) meet, early in the morning, for the purpose of sharing the spoil, and arranging other matters connected with their most Christian Alliance.

** Robbing travellers in chaises, etc.

" At morning meet, and—*honour bright*—
" Agree to share the *blunt* and *tatlers!**)—
" Seeing as how, I say, these *Swells*
" Are soon to meet, by special summons,
" To chime together, like '*hell's bells*,'
" And laugh at all mankind as *rum ones*—
" I see no reason, when such things
" Are going on among these Kings,
" Why *We*, who're of the *Fancy lay*, †
" As *dead hands* at a *mill* as they,
" And quite as ready, *after* it,
" To share the spoil and *grab* the *bit*, §
" Should not be there to *join* the *chat*,
" To see, at least, what fun they're at,
" And help their Majesties to find
" *New* modes of *punishing* mankind.
" What say you, lads? is any spark
" Among you ready for a *lark* **
" To this same Congress?—CALEB, JOE,
" BILL, BOB, what say you?—yes or no?"

* The money and watches.

† Particular pursuit or enterprize. Thus, "he is on the *kid-lay*," i. e. stopping children with parcels and robbing them—the *ken-crack-lay*, house-breaking, etc. etc.

§ To seize the money.

** A frolic or party of pleasure.

Thus spoke the CHAMPION, Prime of men,
And loud and long we *cheer'd* his *prattle*
With shouts, that thunder'd through the *ken*,*
And made TOM'S *Sunday tea-things* rattle!

A pause ensued—'till cries of "GREGSON"
Brought BOB, the Poet, on his legs soon—
(*My eyes*, how prettily BOB writes!
Talk of your *Camels, Hogs*, and *Crabs*, †
And twenty more such *Pidcock* frights—
BOB'S worth a hundred of these *dabs:*
For a short *turn up* § at a sonnet,
A *round* of odes, or Pastoral *bout*,
All Lombard-street to nine-pence on it, **
BOBBY'S the boy would *clean* them *out!*)
"*Gemmen*," says he—(BOB'S eloquence
Lies much in C—NN—G'S line, 'tis said,

* House.

† By this curious zoological assemblage (something like Berni's "porci, e poeti, e pidocchi") the writer means, I suppose, Messrs. Campbell, Crabbe, and Hogg.

§ A *turn-up* is properly a casual and hasty *set-to*.

** More usually "Lombard-street to a China orange." There are several of these *fanciful* forms of betting—"Chelsea College to a sentry-box," "Pompey's Pillar to a stick of sealing-wax," etc. etc.

For, when Bob can't afford us *sense*,
He *tips* us *poetry*, instead—)
" *Gemmen*, before I touch the matter,
" On which I'm here *had up* for *patter*, *
" A few short words I first must spare,
" To him, THE HERO, that sits there,
" *Swigging Blue Ruin*, † in that chair.
" (*Hear—hear*)—His fame I need not tell,
" For *that*, my friends, all England's loud with ;
" But this I'll say, a civiller *Swell*
" I'd never wish to *blow* a *cloud* § with!"

At these brave words, we, every one,
Sung out " hear—hear"—and clapp'd, *like fun*.
For, knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,
The CHAMPION *fibb'd* the POET'S *nob*, **
This *buttering-up*, †† against the grain,
We thought was *cursed* genteel in BOB.
And, here again, we may remark
BOB'S likeness to the Lisbon jobber—§§

* Talk. † Gin.

§ To smoke a pipe. This phrase is highly poetical, and explains what Homer meant by the epithet, πιφιλημενος.

** In the year 1808, when CRIB defeated GREGSON.

†† Praising or flattering.

§§ These parallels between great men are truly edifying.

For, though all know that *flashy spark*
From C—ST—R—GH received a *nobber,*
That made him look like *sneaking Jerry,*
And *laid him up* in *ordinary,**
Yet now, such loving *pals*† are they,
That Georgy, wiser as he's older,
Instead of *facing* C—ST—R—GH,
Is proud to be his *bottle-holder!*

But to return to BOB's harangue,
'Twas deuced fine—no *slum* or *slang*—
But such as you could *smoke* the bard in,—
All full of *flowers,* like Common Garden,
With *lots* of *figures,* neat and bright,
Like Mother Salmon's—wax-work quite!

The next was TURNER—*nobbing* NED—
Who put his right leg forth, § and said,
"TOM, I admire your notion much;
"And *please the pigs,* if well and hearty,

* Sea cant—a good deal of which has been introduced into the regular Flash, by such *classic* heroes as Scroggins, Crockey, etc. † Friends.

§ Ned's favourite Pro*leg*omena in battle as well as in debate. As this position is said to render him "very hard to be got at," I would recommend poor Mr. V—ns—t—t to try it as a last resource, in his next *set-to* with Mr. T—rn—y.

" I somehow thinks I'll *have a touch,*
" Myself, at this said Congress party.
" Though *no great shakes* at learned *chat,*
" If settling Europe be the *sport,*
" They'll find I'm just the boy for that,
" As *tipping settlers* * is my *forte!*"

Then up rose WARD, the veteran JOE,
And, 'twixt his whiffs, † suggested briefly
That but a *few,* at first, should go,
And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly;
As if too many "*Big ones*" went,
They might alarm the Continent!!

JOE added, then, that as 'twas known
The R—G—T, bless his wig! had shown
A taste for Art (like JOEY'S own §)
And meant, 'mong other sporting things,
To have the heads of all those Kings,

* A kind of blow, whose *sedative* nature is sufficiently explained by the name it bears.

† Joe being particularly fond of "that costly and gentlemanlike smoke," as Dekker calls it. The talent which Joe possesses of uttering *Flash* while he *smokes*—"ex *fumo* dare *lucem*"—is very remarkable.

§ Joe's taste for pictures has been thus commemorated by the great Historian of Pugilism—"If Joe Ward cannot boast

And conqu'rors, whom he loves so dearly,
Taken off—on *canvas,* merely;
God forbid the *other* mode!—
He (JOE) would from his own abode
(*The Dragon**—famed for *Fancy* works,
Drawings of Heroes, and of—*corks*)
Furnish such *Gemmen* of *the Fist,* †
As would complete the R—G—T's list.
"Thus, Champion TOM," said he, "would look
"Right well, hung up beside *the Duke*—

of a splendid gallery of pictures formed of selections from the great *foreign* masters, he can sport such a collection of *native* subjects as, in many instances, must be considered unique. Portraits of nearly all the pugilists (many of them in whole lengths and attitudes) are to be found, from the days of *Figg* and *Broughton* down to the present period, with likenesses of many distinguished amateurs, among whom are Captain Barclay, the classic Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Cumberland, etc. His parlour is decorated in a similar manner; and his partiality for pictures has gone so far, that even the tap-room contains many excellent subjects!"—*Boxiana,* vol. i. p. 431.

* The *Green Dragon,* King-street, near Swallow-street, "where (says the same author) any person may have an opportunity of verifying what has been asserted, in viewing *Ward's Cabinet of the Fancy!*"

† Among the portraits is one of BILL GIBBONS, by a pupil of the great Fuseli, which gave occasion to the following impromptu:—

Though you *are* one of Fuseli's scholars,
This question I'll dare to propose,—
How the devil could you use *water*-colours,
In painting BILL GIBBONS's nose?

" Tom's noddle being (if its *frame*
" Had but *the gilding*) much the same—
" And, as a partner for *Old Blu*,
" Bill Gibbons or *myself* would do."

Loud cheering at this speech of Joey's—
Who, as the *Dilettanti* know, is
(With all his other learned parts)
*Down as a hammer** to the Arts!

Old Bill, the Black,†—you know him, Neddy—
(With *mug*,§ whose hue the ebon shames,
Reflected in a pint of *Deady*,
Like a large Collier in the Thames)
Though somewhat *cut*,** just begg'd to say
He hoped that *Swell*, Lord C—st—r—gh,
Would show the *Lily-Whites* †† fair play;

* To be *down to* any thing is pretty much the same as being *up to* it, and "*down as a hammer*" is, of course, the *intensivum* of the phrase.

† Richmond. § Face.

** *Cut*, tipsy; another remarkable instance of the similarity that exists between the language of the Classics and that of St. Giles's.—In Martial we find "Incaluit quoties *saucia* vena *mero*." Ennius, too, has "*sauciavit* se flore Liberi;" and Justin, "*hesterno mero saucii*."

†† *Lily-whites* (or *Snow-balls*), Negroes.

"And not—as *once* he did"—says BILL,
"Among those Kings, so high and *squirish*,
"Leave us, poor Blacks, to fare as ill
"As if we were but pigs, or Irish!"

BILL GIBBONS, rising, wish'd to know
Whether 'twas meant *his Bull* should go—
"As, should their Majesties be dull,"
Says BILL, "there's nothing like a Bull:*
"And *blow me tight,*"—(BILL GIBBONS ne'er
In all his days was known to swear,
Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,
Like "*dash my wig,*" or "*burn my breeches!*")
"*Blow me—*"
—Just then, the Chair,† already
Grown rather *lively* with the *Deady*,
* * * * * * * *

* Bill Gibbons has, I believe, been lately rivalled in this peculiar Walk of the Fancy, by the superior merits of Tom Oliver's *Game Bull.*

† From the respect which I bear to *all sorts* of dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with the "imputed weaknesses of the great," I have been induced to suppress the remainder of this detail.

No. II.

VIRGIL, *Æneid. Lib.* v. 426.

CONSTITIT in digitos extemplò arrectus uterque,
Brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
Abduxêre retrò longè capita ardua ab ictu:
Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt.
Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusque juventâ:
Hic, membris et mole valens;

sed tarda trementi
Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

No. II.

Account of the Milling-match between Entellus and Dares, translated from the Fifth Book of the Æneid,

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

With *daddles* * high upraised, and *nob* held back,
In awful prescience of th' impending *thwack*,
Both *Kiddies* † stood—and with prelusive *spar*,
And light manœuvring, kindled up the war!
The One, in bloom of youth—a *light-weight blade*—
The Other, vast, gigantic, as if made,
Express, by Nature for the *hammering* trade;
But aged, § slow, with stiff limbs, tottering much,
And lungs, that lack'd the *bellows-mender's* touch.

* Hands.

† Fellows, usually *young* fellows.

§ Macrobius, in his explanation of the various properties of the number Seven, says, that the fifth Hebdomas of man's life (the age of 35) is the completion of his strength; that therefore pugilists, if not successful, usually give over their profession at that time.—"Inter pugiles denique hæc consuetudo

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
Dant sonitus; erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.

Stat gravis Entellus, nisuque immotus eodem,
Corpore tela modò atque oculis vigilantibus exit.

Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem,
Aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis;
Nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
Arte locum, et variis assultibus irritus urget.

Yet, sprightly *to the Scratch* both *Buffers* came,
While *ribbers* rung from each resounding frame,
And divers *digs*, and many a ponderous *pelt*,
Were on their broad *bread-baskets* heard and felt.
With roving aim, but aim that rarely miss'd,
Round *lugs* and *ogles** flew the frequent fist;
While showers of *facers* told so deadly well,
That the crush'd jaw-bones crackled as they fell!
But firmly stood ENTELLUS—and still bright,
Though bent by age, with all THE FANCY's light,
Stopp'd with a skill, and *rallied* with a fire
Th' Immortal FANCY could alone inspire!
While DARES, *shifting* round, with looks of thought,
An opening to the *Cove's* huge carcase sought
(Like General PRESTON, in that awful hour,
When on *one* leg he hopp'd to—take the Tower!),
And here, and there, explored with active *fin* †
And skilful *feint*, some guardless pass to win,
And prove a *boring* guest when once *let in*.

conservatur, ut quos jam coronavere victoriæ, nihil de se amplius in incrementis virium sperent; qui vero expertes hujus gloriæ usque illo manserunt, a professione discedant." In Somn. Scip. Lib. 1.

* Ears and Eyes.

† Arm.

Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus, et altè
Extulit: ille ictum venientem a verticè velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.
Entellus vires in ventum effudit, et ultrò
Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
Concidit: ut quondam cava concidit, aut Erymantho,
Aut Idâ in magnâ, radicibus eruta pinus.

Consurgunt studiis Teucri et Trinacria pubes:
It clamor cœlo; primusque accurrit Acestes
Æquævumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.

And now ENTELLUS, with an eye that plann'd
Punishing deeds, high raised his heavy hand;
But, ere the *sledge* came down, young DARES spied
Its shadow o'er his brow, and slipp'd aside—
So nimbly slipp'd, that the vain *nobber* pass'd
Through empty air; and He, so high, so vast,
Who dealt the stroke, came thundering to the ground!—
Not B—CK—GH—M himself, with bulkier sound,*
Uprooted from the field of Whiggish glories,
Fell *souse*, of late, among the astonish'd Tories!†
Instant the *Ring* was broke, and shouts and yells
From Trojan *Flashmen* and Sicilian *Swells*
Fill'd the wide heaven—while, touch'd with grief to see
His *pal*, § well-known through many a *lark* and *spree*,**
Thus *rumly floor'd*, the kind ACESTES ran,
And pitying raised from earth the *game* old man.

* As the uprooted trunk in the original is said to be "cava," the epithet here ought, perhaps, to be "*hollower* sound."

† I trust my conversion of the Erymanthian pine into his L—ds—p will be thought happy and ingenious. It was suggested, indeed, by the recollection that Erymanthus was also famous for another sort of natural production, very common in society at all periods, and which no one but Hercules ever seems to have known how to manage. Though even *he* is described by Valerius Flaccus as—"Erymanthæi *sudantem pondere* monstri."

§ Friend. ** Party of pleasure and frolic.

At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros
Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitat irâ:
Tum pudor incendit vires, et conscia virtus;
Præcipitemque Daren ardens agit æquore toto,
Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistrâ.

Nec mora, nec requies: quàm multâ grandine nimbi
Culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
Creber utrâque manu pulsat versatque Dareta.

Tum pater Æneas procedere longiùs iras,
Et sævire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis;
Sed finem imposuit pugnæ, fessumque Dareta
Eripuit, mulcens dictis, ac talia fatur:

Uncow'd, undamaged to the *sport* he came,
His limbs all muscle, and his soul all flame.
The memory of his *milling* glories past,
The shame that aught but death should see him *grass'd*,
All fired the veteran's *pluck*—with fury flush'd
Full on his light limb'd *customer* he rush'd,
And *hammering* right and left, with ponderous swing, *
Ruffian'd the reeling youngster round the *Ring*—
Nor rest, nor pause, nor breathing-time was given,
But, rapid as the rattling hail from heaven
Beats on the house-top, showers of RANDALL'S *shot* †
Around the Trojan's *lugs* flew peppering hot!
'Till now ÆNEAS, fill'd with anxious dread,
Rush'd in between them, and, with words well-bred,
Preserved alike the peace and DARES' head,

* This phrase is but too applicable to the *round hitting* of the ancients, who, it appears by the engravings in Mercurialis de Art. Gymnast. knew as little of our *straight-forward* mode as the uninitiated Irish of the present day. I have, by the by, discovered some errors in Mercurialis, as well as in two other modern authors upon Pugilism (viz. Petrus Faber, in his Agonisticon, and that indefatigable classic antiquary, M. Burette, in his "Mémoire pour servir à l'Histoire du Pugilat des Anciens") which I shall have the pleasure of pointing out in my forthcoming "Parallel."

† A favourite blow of THE NONPAREIL'S, so called.

Infelix! quæ tanta animum dementia cepit?
Non vires alias, conversaque numina sentis?
Cede Deo.

Dixitque, et prælia voce diremit.
Ast illum fidi æquales, genua ægra trahentem,
Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
Ore rejectantem, mixtosque in sanguine dentes,
Ducunt ad naves.

Both which the veteran much inclined to *break*—
Then kindly thus the *punish'd* youth bespake:
" Poor *Johnny Raw!* what madness could impel
" So *rum* a *Flat* to face so *prime* a *Swell?*
" See'st thou not, boy, THE FANCY, heavenly Maid,
" Herself descends to this great *Hammerer's* aid,
" And, singling *him* from all her *flash* adorers,
" Shines in his *hits*, and thunders in his *floorers?*
" Then, yield thee, youth,—nor such a *spooney* be,
" To think mere man can *mill* a Deity!"

Thus spoke the Chief—and now, the *scrimage* o'er,
His faithful *pals* the *done-up* DARES bore
Back to his home, with tottering *gams*, sunk heart,
And *muns* and *noddle pink'd* in every part.*
While from his *gob* the guggling *claret* gush'd,
And lots of *grinders*, from their sockets crush'd,
Forth with the crimson tide in rattling fragments rush'd!

* There are two or three Epigrams in the Greek Anthology, ridiculing the state of mutilation and disfigurement to which the pugilists were reduced by their combats. The following four lines are from an Epigram by Lucillius, lib. 2.

Κοσκινον ἡ κεφαλη σου, Απολλοφανες, γεγενηται,
Η των σητοκοπων βυβλαριων τα κατω.

Οὕτως μυρμηκων τρυπημαῖα λοξα και ορθα,
Γραμμαῖα των λυρικων Λυδια και Φρυγια.

Literally, as follows: "Thy head, O Apollophanes, is perforated like a sieve, or like the leaves of an old worm-eaten book; and the numerous scars, both straight and cross-ways, which have been left upon thy pate by the cestus, very much resemble the score of a Lydian or Phrygian piece of music." Periphrastically, thus:

Your noddle, dear Jack, full of holes like a sieve,
Is so figured, and dotted, and scratch'd, I declare,.
By your *customers'* fists, one would almost believe
They had *punch'd* a whole verse of "The Woodpecker" there!

It ought to be mentioned, that the word "*punching*" is used both in boxing and music-engraving.

No. III.

As illustrative of the Noble Lord's visit to Congress, I take the liberty of giving the two following pieces of poetry, which appeared some time since in the Morning Chronicle, and which are from the pen, I suspect, of that facetious Historian of the Fudges, Mr. Thomas Brown, the Younger.

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

*At Paris** et Fratres, et qui rapuêre sub illis
Vix tenuêre manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas.
OVID. *Metam.* lib. 13. v. 202.

Go, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!
The *One*, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.

* Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was "at Paris" these rapacious transactions took place—we should read "at Vienna."

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile
Of the Misses that love and the monarchs that prize thee;
Forget Mrs. ANG—LO T—YL—R awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart thee,
But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough
To translate "Amor Fortis," a love *about forty!*

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd earn'd in't,
That sweet Lady FANNY should cry out "my *stars!*"
And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way concern'd in't.

For not the great R—G—T himself has endured
(Though I've seen him with badges and orders all shine,
Till he look'd like a house that was *over* insured)
A much heavier burthen of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,

As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,
The *stars** are in fault, my Lord St—w—rt, not they!

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips
Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and "glories,"
And "*nullidge*," † and "features," like syllabub slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,
Leaguing with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!
The One, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the Other, Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.

* "When weak women go astray,
"The stars are more in fault than they."

† It is thus the Noble Lord pronounces the word "knowledge"—deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin "nullus."

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH LORD C—ST—R—GH SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. 1. *Ode* 3.

So may my Lady's prayers prevail,*
And C—NN—G's, too, and *lucid* BR—GGE's,
And ELD—N beg a favouring gale
From Eolus, that *older* Bags, †
To speed thee on thy destined way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—ST—R—GH, §
Our gracious R—G—T's better half, **
And, *therefore*, quarter of a King—
(As VAN, or any other calf,
May find without much figuring).
Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
Waft this Lord of place and pelf,

* Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater.

† See a description of the ἀσκοί, or *Bags* of Eolus, in the Odyssey, lib. 10.

§ Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium.

** ——Animæ dimidium meum.

Any where his Lordship pleases,
Though 'twere to the D—l himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his, *
Who first at Congress show'd his phyz—
To sign away the Rights of Man
To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;
And leave the sinking African †
To fall without one saving struggle—
'Mong ministers from North and South,
To show his lack of shame and sense,
And hoist the sign of "Bull and Mouth"
For blunders and for eloquence!

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home §
To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,

* Illi robur et æs triplex.
Circa pectus erat, qui, etc.

† ——— præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus.

§ Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda *Rates* transiliunt vada.

This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some distinguished *Rats* that attended the voyager.

If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam
And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case—
For matchless impudence of face,
There's nothing like your Tory race! *
First, PITT,† the chosen of England, taught her
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor,§ for our ease,
With E—D—NS, CH—TH—MS, H—WK—B—S,
And other deadly maladies.
When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs: **
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,
When these, in turn, were put to flight, too,

* Audax omnia perpeti
Gens ruit per vetitum nefas.

† Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.

§ Post ——————————
——— macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubit cohors.

** ——————— tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.

Illustrious T—MP—E flew away
With *lots of pens he had no right to!* *

In short, what *will* not mortal man do? †
And now, that—strife and bloodshed past—
We've done on earth what harm we can do,
We gravely take to Heaven at last; §
And think its favouring smile to purchase
(Oh Lord, good Lord!) by—building churches!

* Expertus *vacuum* Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.

This allusion to the 1200*l.* worth of stationery, which his Lordship ordered, when on the point of *vacating* his place, is particularly happy.—ED.

† Nil mortalibus arduum est.

§ Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

No. IV.

BOB GREGSON,

POET LAUREATE OF THE FANCY.

" For *hitting* and *getting away* (says the elegant Author of *Boxiana*) Richmond is distinguished; and the brave Molineux keeps a strong hold in the circle of boxers, as a pugilist of the first class; while the Champion of England stands unrivalled for his *punishment, game,* and *milling* on the *retreat!*—but, notwithstanding the above variety of qualifications, it has been reserved for Bob Gregson, alone, from his union of pugilism and poetry, to recount the deeds of his Brethren of the Fist in heroic verse, like the bards of old, sounding the praises of their warlike champions." The same author also adds, that " although not possessing the terseness and originality of Dryden, or the musical cadence and correctness of Pope, yet still Bob has entered into his peculiar subject with a

characteristic energy and apposite spirit." Vol. 1. p. 357.

This high praise of Mr. GREGSON's talents is fully borne out by the specimen which his eulogist has given, *page* 358—a very spirited Chaunt, or Nemean ode, entitled "British Lads and Black *Millers*."

The connexion between poetical and pugnacious propensities seems to have been ingeniously adumbrated by the ancients, in the bow with which they armed Apollo:

Φοιβω γαρ και ΤΟΞΟΝ επιτρεπεται και ΑΟΙΔΗ.
Callimach. Hymn. in Apollin. v. 44.

The same mythological bard informs us that, when Minerva bestowed the gift of inspiration upon Tiresias, she also made him a present of a large cudgel:

Δωσω και ΜΕΓΑ ΒΑΚΤΡΟΝ:

another evident intimation of the congeniality supposed to exist between the exercises of the Imagination and those of THE FANCY. To no one at the present day is the *double wreath* more justly due than to Mr. BOB GREGSON. In addition to his

numerous *original* productions, he has condescended to give imitations of some of our living poets—particularly of Lord Byron and Mr. Moore; and the amatory style of the latter gentleman has been caught, with peculiar felicity, in the following lines, which were addressed, some years ago, to Miss Grace Maddox, a young Lady of pugilistic celebrity, of whom I have already made honourable mention in the Preface.

LINES

TO MISS GRACE MADDOX, THE FAIR PUGILIST.

Written in imitation of the style of Moore.

BY BOB GREGSON, P. P.

Sweet Maid of *the Fancy!*—whose *ogles*,* adorning
That beautiful cheek, ever budding like bowers,
Are bright as the gems that the first Jew† of morning
Hawks round Covent-Garden, 'mid cart-loads of flowers!

* Eyes.

† By the trifling alteration of "dew" into "Jew," Mr. Gregson has contrived to collect the three chief ingredients of Moore's poetry, viz. dews, gems, and flowers, into the short compass of these two lines.

Oh Grace of the Graces! whose kiss to my lip
Is as sweet as the brandy and tea, rather thinnish,
That *Knights* of the *Rumpad* * so rurally sip,
At the first blush of dawn, in the Tap of the Finish! †

Ah, never be false to me, fair as thou art,
Nor belie all the many kind things thou hast said;
The falsehood of *other* nymphs touches the *Heart*,
But THY *fibbing*, my dear, plays the dev'l with the *Head!*

Yet, who would not prize, beyond honours and pelf,
A maid to whom Beauty such treasures has granted,
That, ah, she not only has black eyes, herself,
But can furnish a friend with a pair, too, if wanted!

Lord ST—W—RT's a hero (as many suppose),
And the Lady he woos is a rich and a rare one;
His *heart* is in *Chancery*, every one knows,
And so would his *head* be, if thou wert his fair one.

Sweet Maid of the Fancy! when love first came o'er me,
I felt rather *queerish*, I freely confess;

* Highwaymen.

† See *Note*, page 235. Brandy and tea is the favourite beverage at the Finish.

But now I've thy beauties each moment before me,
The pleasure grows more, and the queerishness less.

Thus a new set of *darbies,** when first they are worn,
Makes the *Jail-bird*† uneasy, though splendid their ray;
But the links will lie lighter the longer they're borne,
And the comfort increase, as the *shine* fades away!

I had hoped that it would have been in my power to gratify the reader with several of Mr. GREGSON's lyrical productions, but I have only been able to procure copies of Two Songs, or Chaunts, which were written by him for a Masquerade, or *Fancy* Ball, given lately at one of the most Fashionable Cock-and-Hen clubs in St Giles's. Though most of the company were without characters, there were a few very lively and interesting maskers; among whom, we particularly no-

* Fetters.

† Prisoner.—This being the only bird in the whole range of Ornithology which the author of Lalla Rookh has not pressed into his service, Mr. Gregson may consider himself very lucky in being able to lay hold of it.

ticed BILL RICHMOND, as the *Emperor of Hayti*,* attended by SUTTON, as a sort of *black* Mr. V—N-S—T—T; and IKEY PIG made an excellent L—s D—XH—T. The beautiful Mrs. CROCKEY, † who keeps the Great *Rag Shop* in Bermondsey, went as the *Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*. She was observed to flirt a good deal with the black Mr. V—NS—T—T, but, to do her justice, she guarded her "Hesperidum mala" with all the vigilance of a dragoness. JACK HOLMES, § the pugilistic *Coachman*, personated Lord C—ST—R—GH, and sang in admirable style

Ya-hip, my Hearties! here am I
That drive the Constitution Fly.

This Song (which was written for him by Mr. GREGSON, and in which the language and senti-

* His Majesty (in a Song which I regret I cannot give) professed his intentions

To take to *strong measures* like some of his kin—
To turn away *Count* LEMONADE, and bring in
A more *spirited* ministry under *Duke* GIN!

† A relative of poor Crockey, who was *lagged* some time since.

§ The same, I suppose, that *served out* Blake (alias *Tom Tough*) some years ago, at Wilsden Green. The *Fancy* Gazette, on that occasion, remarked, that poor Holmes's face was "rendered *perfectly unintelligible*."

ments of *Coachee* are transferred so ingeniously to the Noble person represented) is as follows:

YA-HIP, MY HEARTIES!

Sung by JACK HOLMES, the Coachman, at a late Masquerade in St. Giles's, in the Character of Lord C—ST—R—GH.

I FIRST was hired to *peg* a *Hack* *
They call "The Erin," sometime back,
Where soon I learn'd to *patter flash*,†
To curb the *tits* § and *tip the lash*—
Which pleased *the Master of* THE CROWN
So much, he had me up to town,
And gave me *lots* of *quids* ** a year,
To *tool* †† "The Constitution" here.
So, ya-hip, Hearties! here am I
That drive the Constitution Fly.

* To drive a hackney coach. *Hack*, however, seems in this place to mean an old broken down stage-coach.

† To talk slang, parliamentary or otherwise.

§ Horses. ** Money.

†† A process carried on successfully under the Roman Emperors, as appears from what Tacitus says of the "*Instrumenta* Regni."—To *tool* is a technical phrase among the Knights of the Whip; thus, that illustrious member of the Society, Richard Cypher, Esq. says: "I've dash'd at every thing—*pegg'd* at a *jervy*—*tool'd* a mail-coach."

Some wonder how the Fly holds out,
So *rotten* 'tis, within, without;
So loaded too, through thick and thin,
And with such *heavy creturs* IN.
But, Lord, 'twill last our time—or if
The wheels should, now and then, get stiff,
Oil of *Palm*'s* the thing that, flowing,
Sets the *naves* and *felloes* † going!
So, ya-hip, Hearties! etc.

Some wonder, too, the *tits* that pull
This *rum concern* along, so full,
Should never *back* or *bolt*, or kick
The load and driver to Old Nick.
But, never fear—the breed, though British,
Is now no longer *game* or skittish;
Except sometimes about their *corn*,
Tamer *Houyhnhnms* § ne'er were born.
So, ya-hip, Hearties! etc.

* Money.

† In Mr. Gregson's MS. these words are spelled "*knaves* and *fellows*," but I have printed them according to the proper wheelwright orthography.

§ The extent of Mr. Gregson's learning will, no doubt, astonish the reader; and it appears by the following lines,

And then so sociably we ride!—
While some have *places*, snug, inside,
Some hoping to be there anon,
Through many a dirty road *hang on*.
And when we reach a filthy spot
(Plenty of which there are, God wot),
You'd laugh to see, with what an air
We *take* the spatter—each his share!
So, ya-hip, Hearties! etc.

The other song of Mr. Gregson, which I have been lucky enough to lay hold of, was sung by *Old Prosy*, the Jew, who went in the character of Major C—RTW—GHT, and who having been, at one time of his life, apprentice to a mountebank doctor, was able to enumerate, with much volubility, the virtues of a certain infallible nostrum, which he called his ANNUAL PILL. The pronunciation of the Jew added considerably to the effect.

from a Panegyric written upon him, by One of the Fancy, that he is also a considerable adept in the Latin language:

"As to sciences—Bos knows a little of all,
"And, in Latin, to show that he's no ignoramus,
"He wrote once an Ode on his friend, *Major Paul*,
"And the motto was *Paulo majora canamus!*"

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Sung by OLD PAOSY, the Jew, in the Character of Major C—RTW—GHT.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty avay?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!
'Tis so pretty a bolus!—just down let it go,
And at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,
Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,
If our heads all vere found, vere our tailsh ought to be!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, etc.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge away clear
Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir hands—
'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dullness, ma tear,
Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister VAN's.
Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach—
Give de Sinecure Shentleman von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it vill act like de salt on de leech,
And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence, up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, etc.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint—
But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,
It vill cure de *Proad Pottom* *—a common complaint
Among M. P's. and weavers—from *sitting* too long. †
Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce,
(Vat is often de case) it vill stop de disease,
And pring avay all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else vould, like tape-vorms, come by degrees!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Christian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

* Meaning, I presume, *Coalition* Administrations.

† Whether sedentary habits have any thing to do with this peculiar shape, I cannot determine, but that some have supposed a sort of connection between them, appears from the following remark, quoted in Kornmann's curious book, *de Virginitatis Jure*—"Ratio perquam lepida est apud Kirchner. in Legato, cum natura illas partes, quæ ad sessionem sunt destinatæ, latiores in fæminis fecerit quam in viris, innuens domi eas manere debere." Cap. 40.

No. V.

The following poem is also from the Morning Chronicle, and has every appearance of being by the same pen as the two others I have quoted. The Examiner, indeed, in extracting it from the Chronicle, says, "we think we can guess whose easy and sparkling hand it is."

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effare causam nominis,
Utrum ne mores hoc tui
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
Secuta morum regula.

AUSONIUS.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*
(By name, and ah! by nature so),
As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men did—
And having valiantly ascended

Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
They did so strut!—upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins
Amused themselves with sticking pins
And needles in the great man's breeches;
And how some *very* little things,
That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings
Got up and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping!—
Though different, too, these persecutions;
For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,
While, *here*, the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,
Is taken by the Lilliputians!

END OF VOLUME III.